

Road to the Throne: 09.04.2026

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
Date: September 4, 2026
Location: State Farm Arena — Atlanta, GA

Preview

The United Toughness Alliance heads to Atlanta as Round Two of the Ring King Tournament begins. This and more as we continue the Road to the Throne.

Results

Introduction

Segment

The screen is black.

For several seconds, there is nothing.

Then...

A single metallic CLANG.

A spotlight crashes down onto the Ring King crown.

It sits alone.

Waiting.

A low voice begins over the image.

Voiceover: "Sixteen."

The screen explodes into rapid flashes from the opening round of the 2026 Ring King Tournament.

Sol Azteca driving through Selina Santorino.

Bianca Page celebrating while Ace Andrews wears a satisfied grin at ringside.

Samuel Scythe standing over Madman Szalinski.

Mikey Unlikely realizing that Chris Ross isn't going to beat the count.

Kirsty McKinney capitalizing on a blinded Hakuryu.

Maxwell Jett laughing after Bianca Page's championship-assisted attack on Emily Hightower.

Marie Van Claudio standing victorious while The Empire celebrates behind her.

Mike Best launching himself forward—

I KNEED A HERO!

Bobby Dean falls.

Three.

Black.

Voiceover: "Eight."

The music begins to build.

One by one, the remaining competitors appear against a dark background.

SOL AZTECA.

BIANCA PAGE.

SAMUEL SCYTHER.

MIKEY UNLIKELY.

KIRSTY MCKINNEY.

MAXWELL JETT.

MARIE VAN CLAUDIO.

MIKE BEST.

The eight images collapse into a tournament bracket.

The remaining paths toward Los Angeles illuminate.

Voiceover: "No qualifiers remain."

Another section of the bracket illuminates.

Voiceover: "No second chances remain."

Another.

Voiceover: "From this moment forward..."

The Ring King crown returns to the screen.

Voiceover: "...one victory makes you one of the final four."

The music kicks harder.

Now the footage accelerates.

Sol Azteca staring directly into the camera after her first-round victory.

Bianca Page holding Emily Hightower's championship above her head.

Samuel Scythe raising the Fighting Championship.

Mikey Unlikely adjusting the WrestleZone Championship across his shoulder.

Kirsty McKinney having her arm raised.

Maxwell Jett smirking into the camera.

Marie Van Claudio shouting:

Marie Van Claudio: "RING QUEEN!"

Mike Best's face illuminated in darkness.

Mike Best: "I'm the Son of GOD."

Cut to black.

A heartbeat.

Voiceover: "September twenty-sixth."

The exterior of Crypto.com Arena flashes across the screen.

Voiceover: "Los Angeles."

The Ring King crown.

Voiceover: "One throne."

Eight silhouettes surround it.

Voiceover: "Eight remain."

One final beat.

Voiceover: "Tonight..."

The bracket suddenly divides.

BIANCA PAGE

VS.

SOL AZTECA

Then—

SAMUEL SCYTHER

VS.

MIKEY UNLIKELY

Voiceover: "...the road gets narrower."

UTA LOGO.

ROAD TO THE THRONE.

LIVE — STATE FARM ARENA — ATLANTA, GEORGIA

BOOM!

Pyrotechnics erupt across the stage!

The camera sweeps across State Farm Arena as thousands of fans rise to their feet. Signs fill the air. The UTA faithful are packed into Atlanta, and the energy feels noticeably different tonight.

The camera races down toward ringside before settling on the familiar voices of United Toughness Alliance.

Mark Bravo: "ATLANTA, GEORGIA! Welcome to Road to the Throne! Mark Bravo alongside John Phillips, and John, we have officially reached the point where there is nowhere left to hide!"

John Phillips: "Sixteen entered the Ring King Tournament. Eight survived. Starting tonight, winning doesn't just move you forward anymore. Winning puts you in the semifinals. Winning makes you one of the last four people standing between that crown and everybody else."

The tournament bracket fills the screen.

RING KING 2026 — QUARTERFINALS

Eight names remain.

Four eventual semifinal positions.

Mark Bravo: "And look at those names. Champions. Veterans. Rising stars. People who cheated to get here. People who fought their way here. People who probably couldn't care less how they got here. None of it matters anymore. They're here."

John Phillips: "And two of those names are going to disappear from this tournament tonight."

The graphic isolates the first matchup.

BIANCA PAGE vs. SOL AZTECA

Mark Bravo: "Bianca Page and Sol Azteca. Two completely different roads through the opening round. Sol Azteca defeated Selina Santorino and did it without controversy. Bianca Page advanced past Lindsey Lothario with a little assistance from Ace Andrews."

John Phillips: "And Bianca has managed to make herself even more popular since then."

Quick replay.

Emily Hightower wrestling Maxwell Jett.

Bianca Page at ringside.

Emily's championships in Bianca's hands.

Bianca raising one belt.

Then the other.

Finally—

CRACK!

Bianca drives one of Emily's own championships into Emily's face.

Maxwell capitalizes.

Mark Bravo: "Last week, Bianca Page directly cost Emily Hightower her place in this tournament."

John Phillips: "And earlier that same night, Hope Levitt managed to irritate Bianca simply by existing in the same hallway."

We briefly see Hope smiling brightly as she skips away from an absolutely furious Bianca.

Mark Bravo: "And we're going to see Hope Levitt compete inside a UTA ring for the very first time tonight when she takes on Darren Valiant."

The next graphic appears.

SELINA SANTORINO vs. LINDSEY LOTHARIO

Footage rolls of Selina attacking Lindsey backstage on August 21.

Eli Creed attempts to intervene—

and catches an elbow for his trouble.

John Phillips: "That one isn't about a tournament anymore."

Mark Bravo: "Selina Santorino blamed Scott Stevens for what happened to her. Lindsey Lothario just happened to

become the person she decided to take that anger out on. Tonight Lindsey gets the opportunity to answer."

John Phillips: "And Selina gets exactly what she wanted. A fight."

The graphic changes again.

THE PAS vs. VELOCITY VANGUARD

Mark Bravo: "The tag team division is also on display tonight. The Fatus of The PAS collide with Velocity Vanguard."

Then the arena reacts as the second Ring King quarterfinal graphic appears.

UTA FIGHTING CHAMPION

SAMUEL SCYTHE

VS.

UTA WRESTLEZONE CHAMPION

MIKEY UNLIKELY

John Phillips: "And then there's this."

A noticeably louder reaction rises from Atlanta.

Mark Bravo: "Champion against champion. Samuel Scythe. Mikey Unlikely. One of those men is leaving Atlanta as a Ring King semifinalist."

John Phillips: "Scythe put Madman Szalinski down in the first round. Mikey Unlikely advanced after that same Madman Szalinski attacked Chris Ross outside the ring. Mikey didn't ask for the help, he didn't know it was coming—but whether he likes it or not, that's part of the story of how he got here."

Mark Bravo: "Tonight there is no Chris Ross standing across from him. There is no Madman Szalinski scheduled anywhere near that match. There is Samuel Scythe, there is Ace Andrews, and there is an opportunity to reach the final four."

The graphic disappears.

The camera pulls back.

The Ring King crown hangs above the entrance stage as part of tonight's presentation.

Then the tournament bracket appears beside it.

Sixteen original positions.

Eight names crossed away.

Eight names remain illuminated.

John Phillips: "You know what changes tonight, Bravo?"

Mark Bravo: "What's that?"

John Phillips: "Until now, Ring King has been about surviving the field."

Phillips pauses as the camera slowly pushes toward the crown.

John Phillips: "Now you can actually see the throne."

Bravo lets that hang for a moment.

Mark Bravo: "Then there is only one thing left to do."

The crowd begins rising as the lights inside State Farm Arena shift.

Mark Bravo: "Round Two..."

A roar builds.

Mark Bravo: "...starts RIGHT NOW!"

Selina Santorino vs. Lindsey Lothario

Match

The camera returns to the ring as the Atlanta crowd settles in for the first match of the night.

Mark Bravo: "We are kicking things off tonight with something that has absolutely nothing to do with the Ring King tournament. This one is personal."

John Phillips: "Very personal. Selina Santorino attacked Lindsey Lothario backstage three weeks ago after her own Ring King elimination, and tonight Lindsey finally gets the chance to answer her."

Mark Bravo: "And while this match isn't part of the tournament, Ring King is still going to loom large over tonight. Later this evening, we will have two Round Two matches, with four competitors fighting for two places in the semifinals."

A replay briefly fills the screen.

AUGUST 21, 2026.

Lindsey Lothario sits backstage following their Ring King elimination at the hands of Bianca Page.

Then—chaos.

Selina Santorino storms into the picture.

Lindsey is attacked.

Eli Creed tries to intervene and catches an elbow from Selina for his trouble.

The replay freezes on Selina standing over the aftermath.

Mark Bravo: "Three weeks ago, Selina Santorino's Ring King dreams ended at the hands of Sol Azteca. Scott Stevens told Selina she'd had her opportunity and blown it. Selina's response was to make Lindsey Lothario pay for it."

John Phillips: "Wrong place, wrong time, wrong person. Lindsey had just suffered their own Ring King elimination earlier that night, and Selina decided to turn them into a message."

The replay fades.

Back inside State Farm Arena, the lights begin to fall.

LINDSEY LOTHARIO — ENTRANCE

Darkness.

Then a single white spotlight burns down onto the entrance stage.

There was a time when Lindsey Lothario would have treated this moment like opening night on Broadway.

Sequins.

Poses.

Every camera angle deliberately hunted down.

Every reaction squeezed for another second of attention.

That version of Lindsey is becoming harder and harder to find.

The opening of Lindsey's music hits.

A red-and-black glow slowly spreads across the stage.

And through it walks...

Eli Creed.

The leader of the Creed Method emerges first, dressed impeccably, hands calmly folded in front of him.

He doesn't acknowledge the boos.

He smiles through them.

Then Lindsey Lothario steps through the curtain.

The difference is immediate.

No dramatic stop.

No demand for applause.

No exaggerated pose beneath the lights.

Lindsey simply stands beside Creed.

Focused.

Cold.

Ready.

And then a third figure emerges behind them.

The crowd gives a noticeable reaction.

Kairo Bey.

The Neon Ace rolls his shoulders once as he joins the other two members of the Creed Method.

Mark Bravo: "And look who's back out here with them tonight. Kairo Bey."

John Phillips: "That's good to see. Kairo's been dealing with that nagging shoulder injury, and it's kept him away recently. He's not wrestling tonight, but he's here, he's on his feet, and he's back at ringside with Eli Creed and Lindsey Lothario."

Kairo instinctively rolls the troublesome shoulder once more as the camera catches him.

Nothing overly dramatic.

But enough to remind everyone that it isn't quite one hundred percent yet.

Eli looks first toward Kairo.

Then toward Lindsey.

He says something that the cameras cannot quite pick up.

Lindsey nods.

Kairo nods.

Creed turns toward the ring.

The three begin walking.

Mark Bravo: "And this Creed Method has become something very different over the last several months. Lindsey was the first proof of concept. Kairo came later. And through all of it, Eli Creed has been standing in the middle telling both of them the same thing."

John Phillips: "Break. Bend. Build."

Mark Bravo: "Exactly."

Lindsey walks between Eli and Kairo.

The old swagger isn't completely gone.

It probably never will be.

There's still something unmistakably Lindsey Lothario in the way they carry themselves.

But now it is restrained.

Weaponized.

Everything about Lindsey's transformation under Creed has been about stripping away what Eli considered distraction and replacing it with purpose. :contentReference[oaicite:0]{index=0}

Halfway down the ramp, a fan reaches over the barricade and shouts something toward Lindsey.

For just a second...

Lindsey turns.

That familiar smirk appears.

There it is.

The old Lindsey.

Just a flicker.

Then Eli says something from a few steps ahead.

Lindsey's attention immediately returns to the ring.

John Phillips: "That's what Selina Santorino is walking into tonight. Lindsey isn't the same person they were when they first arrived here."

Mark Bravo: "And whatever anyone thinks of Eli Creed—and I've got plenty of thoughts—Lindsey has become more disciplined under him. Less concerned with putting on a show. More concerned with hurting whoever is standing across from them."

That change has translated directly into Lindsey's wrestling, tightening their offense around strikes, low kicks, elbows, knees and clinch pressure rather than relying entirely on the flamboyant showmanship that once defined them. :contentReference[oaicite:1]{index=1}

Lindsey reaches ringside.

They climb onto the apron.

Stop.

Look directly into the hard camera.

There's another hint of that smirk.

Then Lindsey steps through the ropes.

No twirl.

No grand pose.

They immediately move toward their corner and begin stretching against the ropes.

Eli Creed takes position on the floor nearby.

Kairo Bey stands beside him.

Kairo's style has always been built around speed, angles and springboard offense, making the condition of that shoulder especially important whenever he eventually returns to competition. :contentReference[oaicite:2]{index=2}

Inside the ring, Lindsey rolls their neck.

Then their wrists.

They stare toward the entrance.

The music fades.

John Phillips: "Selina wanted Lindsey's attention."

Lindsey steps away from the ropes.

Eyes fixed on the stage.

Mark Bravo: "She has it."

The camera holds on Lindsey Lothario inside the ring.

They remain near their corner, eyes locked on the entrance stage.

Eli Creed stands calmly on the floor.

Kairo Bey beside him.

Then—

The opening notes of "Obsessed" by Mariah Carey hit State Farm Arena.

The reaction is immediate.

BOOOOOOOOO!

The entrance stage explodes into gold and white light.

The massive video wall fills with rapidly scrolling social-media imagery.

Photos.

Headlines.

Follower counts.

Comments flying too quickly to read.

And eventually one phrase consumes every screen in the building.

THE DOMINICAN DIAMOND

It disappears.

Replaced by another.

THE QUEEN OF CLICKS

A small gold drone rises above the entrance stage.

The Santorino Sentinel.

Its camera rotates toward the curtain.

And right on cue...

Selina Santorino steps through.

The boos become even louder.

Normally, Selina would soak every second of this in.

Tonight...

She still does.

Just differently.

Selina stops beneath the lights and slowly raises her arms.

The Sentinel circles her.

She turns perfectly with it, giving the drone exactly the shot it wants.

Then she looks directly into its camera.

She mouths:

"Obsessed."

Selina turns toward the ring.

And the smile disappears.

Lindsey is waiting.

Mark Bravo: "There is the woman who started all of this. Selina Santorino wasn't satisfied with losing her opportunity in the Ring King tournament. She wanted someone to blame."

John Phillips: "And Scott Stevens wasn't going to give her another opportunity, so Selina went looking for another way to make herself impossible to ignore."

Selina begins walking down the ramp.

Not quite the usual runway strut.

It's still there.

Of course it's still there.

This is Selina Santorino.

But there's considerably more purpose behind it tonight.

She reaches the middle of the ramp and suddenly stops.

The Sentinel moves ahead of her.

Selina points toward the ring.

The drone camera turns.

Its live feed appears across the video wall.

Lindsey Lothario fills the screen.

Then Eli Creed.

Then Kairo Bey.

Selina looks back toward the drone and holds up three fingers.

She slowly lowers two.

Leaving one.

Then points at herself.

John Phillips: "Apparently Selina isn't particularly concerned that Lindsey brought the entire Creed Method with them."

Mark Bravo: "She should be concerned about Lindsey. Forget Eli Creed. Forget Kairo Bey. Selina attacked Lindsey from behind after Lindsey had already competed that night. Tonight she has to stand across the ring and do it face-to-face."

That gets Selina's attention.

She turns toward the commentary position.

Bravo sees her looking.

Mark Bravo: "Yeah. I said it."

John Phillips: "Congratulations. I'll make sure they spell your name correctly in the obituary."

Selina dismissively waves Bravo off and continues toward ringside.

Inside the ring, Lindsey hasn't moved.

They're watching every step.

Selina reaches the bottom of the ramp.

She looks toward Eli.

Eli smiles pleasantly.

Selina rolls her eyes.

Then she looks toward Kairo.

Kairo doesn't react at all.

Selina's eyes briefly drop toward his shoulder.

A little smile forms.

Kairo immediately notices.

The smile disappears from his face.

John Phillips: "Oh, don't do that."

Mark Bravo: "Selina knows exactly what she's doing."

Selina taps her own shoulder.

Then gives Kairo an exaggerated sympathetic pout.

Kairo takes a step forward.

Eli casually extends one arm across Kairo's chest.

Not forcefully.

Just enough.

Kairo stops.

Selina laughs.

Mission accomplished.

She turns away from them and walks toward the ring steps.

John Phillips: "That's Selina Santorino in ten seconds. Find the bruise, press it, and make sure everybody sees you doing it."

Selina climbs onto the apron.

Instead of immediately entering, she turns toward the arena.

The Santorino Sentinel lowers into position.

Selina leans backward against the ropes as the gold drone captures her with thousands of fans behind her.

She spreads her arms.

Boos rain down.

Selina smiles.

"LOVE ME!"

More boos.

"HATE ME!"

Even louder.

Selina points toward herself.

"IT'S ALL THE SAME!"

She ducks through the ropes.

And the moment both feet touch the canvas...

Lindsey takes two steps forward.

Selina stops.

The entire mood changes.

No drone.

No social media.

No performance.

Just the two of them.

Selina slowly removes the last piece of her entrance gear without breaking eye contact.

Lindsey says something to her.

The camera moves closer.

Lindsey Lothario: "Do it now."

Selina raises an eyebrow.

Lindsey Lothario: "I'm looking at you this time."

The crowd reacts.

Selina's jaw tightens.

She takes a step forward—

The referee immediately moves between them.

Mark Bravo: "There it is. Three weeks ago Selina got to choose when this started."

The referee sends Lindsey backward.

Then Selina.

John Phillips: "Tonight Lindsey gets a vote."

Selina backs into her corner.

Outside, Eli Creed watches silently.

Kairo Bey remains beside him, still glaring at Selina after the shot at his injured shoulder.

The Santorino Sentinel rises away from ringside.

Selina stretches her neck from side to side.

Across the ring, Lindsey brings their hands up into a tight guard.

The theatrics are over.

Now Selina Santorino has exactly what she demanded.

Lindsey Lothario's undivided attention.

The referee checks both competitors.

Selina Santorino bounces lightly in her corner.

Across from her, Lindsey Lothario remains almost perfectly still.

Hands raised.

Chin tucked.

Eli Creed watches from the floor.

Kairo Bey stands a few feet away, his eyes still fixed on Selina.

The referee signals.

DING! DING! DING!

Selina immediately steps toward the center of the ring.

Lindsey meets her.

Neither throws a punch.

Neither attempts a lockup.

They just stand there.

Face-to-face.

Selina says something that isn't picked up by the microphones.

Lindsey doesn't respond.

Selina says something else.

Nothing.

Finally, Selina smirks.

She raises one hand...

...and lightly pats Lindsey on the cheek.

John Phillips: "Oh, that's a mistake."

Selina turns away.

CRACK!

A brutal low kick catches Selina across the thigh.

Selina's leg buckles.

She spins around—

CRACK!

Another kick to the opposite thigh!

Selina stumbles backward.

Lindsey closes the distance.

Forearm!

Forearm!

Selina covers up as Lindsey drives herself forward, forcing her all the way into the corner.

Lindsey grabs the back of Selina's head.

KNEE!

Right into the body!

Another!

Another!

The referee steps in and orders Lindsey backward.

Lindsey immediately complies.

No argument.

No theatrics.

They simply reset their stance.

Mark Bravo: "This is what we've been talking about. Lindsey Lothario has changed. A year ago Lindsey might have answered that disrespect by trying to embarrass Selina. Now? Kick the legs. Close the distance. Knees to the body."

John Phillips: "Break. Bend. Build. Eli Creed has taken all that natural athletic ability Lindsey had and convinced them that every movement needs a purpose."

Selina pulls herself upright in the corner.

The smirk is gone.

She comes forward much more cautiously this time.

Lindsey fires another low kick—

Selina checks it!

Then immediately drives a forearm into Lindsey's face!

Lindsey answers!

Selina fires again!

Lindsey again!

Suddenly the technical opening dissolves into a fight!

The Atlanta crowd rises as the two trade shots in the center of the ring!

Selina catches Lindsey with a knee to the stomach.

She grabs them by the wrist.

Irish whip—

Lindsey reverses!

Selina hits the ropes.

Lindsey swings—

Selina ducks underneath!

Off the opposite ropes!

Lindsey turns—

Selina launches herself into a beautiful flying clothesline!

Lindsey crashes to the canvas!

Selina immediately covers!

ONE!

Lindsey kicks out.

Selina doesn't waste time complaining.

She grabs Lindsey by the hair and pulls them upward.

The referee warns her.

Selina releases at four...

...then drives Lindsey face-first into the turnbuckle.

Again!

Again!

Selina spins Lindsey around.

CHOP!

The sound echoes through State Farm Arena.

Lindsey grimaces.

Selina backs away.

She looks directly toward Eli Creed.

Then delivers another vicious chop.

Selina Santorino: "YOU BUILD THAT?!"

Eli's expression doesn't change.

John Phillips: "I don't think Eli Creed is going to give her the reaction she's looking for."

Selina looks toward Kairo instead.

She taps her shoulder again.

Kairo takes another step toward the ring.

And that's all the distraction Lindsey needs.

Lindsey explodes out of the corner!

They hook Selina around the waist—

BELLY-TO-BELLY SUPLEX!

Selina crashes hard!

She scrambles back up—

Lindsey catches her with a stiff kick to the ribs!

Selina doubles over.

Lindsey grabs the back of her neck.

KNEE!

Selina's head snaps backward!

Lindsey hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

Selina kicks out!

Lindsey sits beside her for a moment.

No frustration.

They simply look toward Eli.

Eli holds up two fingers.

Lindsey nods.

Mark Bravo: "That's the relationship right there. No panic. No emotion. Creed is giving Lindsey information, and Lindsey is processing it."

John Phillips: "Which has to drive Selina crazy. She wants emotion. She wants people angry. She wants them thinking about her instead of thinking about the match."

Lindsey pulls Selina up.

They secure a tight clinch.

Knee to the body!

Another knee!

Selina tries to escape—

Lindsey drags her back!

Another knee!

Selina suddenly reaches up...

...and rakes Lindsey across the eyes!

The referee catches enough of it to know something happened, but not enough to call for a disqualification.

Lindsey staggers backward.

Selina immediately grabs them.

SNAP DDT!

Lindsey spikes into the canvas!

Selina rolls them over!

ONE!

TWO!

TH—NO!

Lindsey gets the shoulder up!

Selina sits upright.

Now the frustration begins to show.

She looks toward the referee.

Two?

The referee confirms it.

Selina slowly rises.

Then looks toward Eli.

Creed smiles.

Not a big smile.

Just enough.

Selina Santorino: "STOP SMILING AT ME!"

John Phillips: "There it is."

Mark Bravo: "Selina is losing focus."

Selina points at Creed.

Selina Santorino: "THIS IS YOUR FAULT!"

Eli casually gestures toward the ring behind her.

Selina realizes what that means.

Too late.

Lindsey is already back up.

Selina turns—

SPINNING BACK ELBOW!

Selina drops!

The crowd erupts!

Lindsey falls into the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR—!

Selina kicks out!

Lindsey immediately transitions.

They grab Selina's arm.

Selina realizes the danger and scrambles toward the ropes.

Lindsey tries to drag her back.

Selina reaches—

Fingertips!

Not enough!

Lindsey pulls!

Selina lunges again!

She gets the bottom rope!

The referee calls for the break.

Lindsey releases immediately.

Selina rolls underneath the bottom rope and drops to the floor.

She takes several hurried steps away from the ring.

BOOOOOOOOO!

John Phillips: "And now Selina needs a timeout."

Mark Bravo: "There are no timeouts."

John Phillips: "Try telling Selina that."

Selina walks around ringside, shaking feeling back into her arm.

Then she realizes where she has wandered.

Kairo Bey is standing directly in front of her.

Selina stops.

Kairo doesn't move.

The crowd buzzes.

Selina looks at his shoulder.

Then at him.

She smiles.

And this time...

She reaches out.

She puts one finger directly against Kairo's injured shoulder.

Kairo's jaw tightens.

Mark Bravo: "Selina, don't."

Selina gives the shoulder a little shove.

Kairo reacts instinctively.

He grabs Selina's wrist.

The crowd erupts!

John Phillips: "Kairo!"

The referee immediately leans through the ropes, shouting for Kairo to let go!

Eli Creed steps forward.

Eli Creed: "Kairo."

That's all it takes.

Kairo releases her.

He backs away.

Selina stares at him.

Then slowly smiles.

Because that's exactly what she wanted.

Selina turns toward the referee.

She points wildly at Kairo!

Selina Santorino: "HE PUT HIS HANDS ON ME!"

The referee turns toward Kairo.

Kairo throws his hands up.

Eli immediately begins explaining what happened.

Mark Bravo: "Oh, come on! Selina provoked every bit of that!"

John Phillips: "Of course she did. But the referee saw Kairo holding her wrist."

Selina climbs onto the apron behind the referee.

Lindsey approaches—

SELINA SLAMS LINDSEY THROAT-FIRST ACROSS THE TOP ROPE!

Lindsey snaps backward!

Selina dives into the ring!

She hooks Lindsey!

Underhook!

S.I.S.!

The underhook DDT plants Lindsey!

Selina rolls them over!

Hooks both legs!

The referee dives down!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE—NO!

LINDSEY GETS A SHOULDER UP!

State Farm Arena explodes!

Selina's eyes go wide.

John Phillips: "LINDSEY SURVIVED IT!"

Mark Bravo: "Selina created the distraction, used the ropes and hit S.I.S.—and Lindsey Lothario is STILL IN THIS MATCH!"

Selina sits frozen for half a second.

Then she completely loses it.

She slaps the mat.

She gets in the referee's face.

Three!

It was three!

The referee emphatically holds up two fingers.

Selina turns toward Lindsey.

Then toward the ropes.

She has another idea.

Selina heads for the corner.

She climbs.

First rope.

Second.

Top.

The crowd rises.

Mark Bravo: "Selina may be thinking Hit the Like Button!"

Selina steadies herself.

She looks down at Lindsey.

Then launches!

MOONSAULT!

But Lindsey rolls away!

CRASH!

Selina hits the canvas!

She bounces onto her knees, clutching her ribs.

Lindsey drags themself up using the ropes.

Selina staggers upright.

Lindsey turns.

Low kick!

Selina nearly collapses.

Another!

Selina fires a desperate forearm!

Lindsey answers with an elbow!

Selina swings again!

Blocked!

Lindsey grabs the back of her head.

KNEE!

Selina's legs wobble.

Lindsey doesn't let her fall.

Another knee!

Selina is barely standing.

Outside the ring, Eli Creed watches intently.

He brings one fist into his opposite palm.

BREAK.

He bends two fingers downward.

BEND.

Then points toward Lindsey.

BUILD.

Lindsey sees it.

They grab Selina—

Selina suddenly drops backward!

She pulls Lindsey with her!

Small package!

ONE!

TWO!

LINDSEY ESCAPES!

Both scramble up!

Selina swings wildly—

Lindsey ducks!

Selina spins around—

ELBOW!

Right on the jaw!

Selina collapses against Lindsey.

Lindsey catches her.

For a moment, Selina is almost unconscious on her feet.

Lindsey looks toward Eli.

Creed gives one slow nod.

Lindsey pulls Selina into the clinch.

One final knee drives into the body.

Selina folds.

Lindsey transitions behind her—

Hooks her—

And drives Selina violently into the canvas!

Lindsey covers!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

The crowd erupts as Lindsey immediately rolls away.

Mark Bravo: "LINDSEY LOTHARIO GETS THEIR ANSWER!"

John Phillips: "And Selina Santorino has nobody to blame for that one but herself!"

Lindsey remains seated on the canvas, breathing heavily.

They look toward Eli Creed.

Creed applauds.

Slowly.

Deliberately.

Kairo Bey does the same.

Lindsey rises as the referee raises their arm.

Mark Bravo: "Selina had this match turning her way, but she couldn't leave Kairo alone. She couldn't leave Eli alone. She needed everyone around this ring focused on Selina Santorino."

John Phillips: "That's what she wanted three weeks ago, too. She lost to Sol Azteca, Scott Stevens wouldn't give her another opportunity, so she attacked Lindsey. Selina keeps demanding attention."

The camera finds Selina on the canvas.

She's beginning to realize what just happened.

John Phillips: "Well, now she's got it."

Lindsey steps through the ropes.

Eli meets them on the floor.

Kairo joins them.

For a moment, Lindsey looks toward Kairo's shoulder.

Kairo gives them a reassuring nod.

He's okay.

Lindsey then turns back toward the ring.

Selina has reached her knees.

She stares through the ropes at all three members of the Creed Method.

Humiliated.

Furious.

And perhaps most importantly...

Still looking for someone else to blame.

Eli says something quietly to Lindsey.

Then the three turn together and begin walking up the ramp.

Mark Bravo: "A big win for Lindsey Lothario, but I don't think we've solved the Selina Santorino problem."

John Phillips: "No. I think you may have just made it worse."

The camera returns to Selina.

She watches Lindsey disappear through the curtain.

Then she turns toward the referee.

Her eyes narrow.

The referee immediately realizes what's coming.

Mark Bravo: "Oh, don't—"

Selina gets to her feet and starts toward the referee—

But stops.

She looks around the arena.

Thousands of people booing her.

Selina's breathing slows.

Her expression changes.

Instead of attacking anyone...

She smiles.

A deeply unpleasant smile.

Then Selina steps through the ropes and leaves.

John Phillips: "I don't know if that's better."

Mark Bravo: "It's definitely not."

The camera follows Selina up the aisle.

No posing.

No Sentinel.

No playing to the crowd.

Just Selina Santorino walking toward the back...

...already thinking about what comes next.

Beat Us, You Belong

Segment

The broadcast cuts backstage.

Melissa Cartwright stands in the interview area, microphone in hand.

But the framing is noticeably wider than usual.

It has to be.

Standing on either side of her are nearly eight hundred pounds of the Stevens-Fatu-Barbosa bloodline.

Kimo Fatu.

Keanu Fatu.

The PAS.

The twins stand shoulder-to-shoulder.

Kimo's arms are folded across his chest.

Keanu stands almost motionless beside him.

Two men who have spent much of their UTA tenure functioning as muscle, protection, and enforcement.

But tonight they're here for something different.

They're here as a tag team. :contentReference[oaicite:0]{index=0}

Melissa Cartwright: "Kimo. Keanu. Later tonight, The PAS steps into the ring against Velocity Vanguard. But before we talk about that match, I want to talk about the bigger picture."

Neither responds.

Melissa continues.

Melissa Cartwright: "Because if we're being truthful about the state of tag team wrestling here in UTA... there really hasn't been much of a division to speak of."

Kimo's eyes shift toward her.

Melissa Cartwright: "The last UTA Tag Team Champions were released from the company while they were still champions. The championships were vacated. Since then, we've seen tag matches here and there, but there hasn't been a real structure. No real championship race. And, frankly, not many teams treating tag team wrestling like a priority."

Keanu finally turns his head toward Melissa.

Keanu Fatu: "That's the problem."

Melissa raises the microphone slightly.

Melissa Cartwright: "What is?"

Keanu Fatu: "Nobody takes it serious."

Kimo unfolds his arms.

Kimo Fatu: "We do."

A beat.

Melissa looks between the twins.

Melissa Cartwright: "And that's what I wanted to ask you about. Because we've seen The PAS operate together before. We've seen what the two of you are capable of together. But are you telling me that this isn't just another match

tonight? That you're actually looking at the tag team division as your future?"

Kimo looks toward Keanu.

Keanu looks back.

That familiar silent communication passes between the twins.

No discussion.

No debate.

Kimo turns back toward Melissa.

Kimo Fatu: "Belts empty."

Keanu follows.

Keanu Fatu: "Division empty."

Kimo:

Kimo Fatu: "So we fill it."

Melissa pauses.

Melissa Cartwright: "With The PAS?"

Keanu Fatu: "No."

That answer catches Melissa by surprise.

Keanu turns toward the camera.

Keanu Fatu: "With competition."

Kimo cracks his neck.

Kimo Fatu: "Bring teams."

Keanu Fatu: "Bring brothers."

Kimo Fatu: "Bring friends."

Keanu Fatu: "Bring enemies."

Kimo looks directly into the camera now.

Kimo Fatu: "Bring everybody."

There's something different about the statement.

They're not asking for the vacant championships to simply be handed to them.

They're asking UTA to give them people to fight for them.

Melissa Cartwright: "That's interesting, because the last time we spoke about those championships, the message from The PAS was pretty simple. The belts were vacant. The path was open. And you intended to take it."

Keanu nods once. That intent has never changed; the twins have already made it clear that they see the vacant championships as something to be taken rather than awarded. :contentReference[oaicite:1]{index=1}

Keanu Fatu: "Still do."

Melissa Cartwright: "Then why invite competition?"

For the first time, something resembling amusement crosses Kimo's face.

Kimo Fatu: "Gold means nothing..."

He pauses.

Kimo Fatu: "...if nobody wants it."

Keanu picks up immediately.

Keanu Fatu: "Champions need challengers."

Kimo:

Kimo Fatu: "We need victims."

Melissa raises an eyebrow.

Melissa Cartwright: "And tonight that starts with Velocity Vanguard."

Both twins look toward her.

Keanu Fatu: "Starts."

Kimo nods.

Kimo Fatu: "Doesn't end."

Melissa Cartwright: "What happens if Velocity Vanguard beats you?"

Silence.

Kimo slowly turns his entire body toward Melissa.

Melissa immediately realizes that may not have been the question he expected.

Keanu answers instead.

Keanu Fatu: "Then they belong."

Melissa's expression changes.

That's not the answer she expected either.

Keanu Fatu: "Beat us..."

He pauses.

Keanu Fatu: "...you matter."

Kimo looks into the camera.

Kimo Fatu: "Try."

Melissa Cartwright: "So this isn't only about becoming Tag Team Champions."

Keanu Fatu: "No."

Melissa Cartwright: "It's about rebuilding the division."

Kimo steps forward.

His massive frame suddenly consumes considerably more of the shot.

Kimo Fatu: "Can't rebuild weak."

Keanu steps beside his brother.

Keanu Fatu: "UTA wants a tag division?"

He looks directly into the lens.

Keanu Fatu: "Build one strong enough to survive us."

Kimo's eyes remain fixed on the camera.

Kimo Fatu: "Velocity Vanguard..."

A beat.

Kimo Fatu: "First test."

Keanu:

Keanu Fatu: "Then the next."

Kimo:

Kimo Fatu: "And the next."

Keanu:

Keanu Fatu: "Until the belts come home."

The twins stare into the camera for another moment.

Then Kimo turns.

Keanu follows.

The PAS walk out of frame together.

Melissa watches them disappear down the corridor.

She waits until they're comfortably out of microphone range before turning back toward the camera.

Melissa Cartwright: "For a long time, the UTA Tag Team Championships have been vacant, and the tag team division has been almost an afterthought."

She glances toward the corridor.

Melissa Cartwright: "I don't believe The PAS intends to let it stay that way."

The camera holds on Melissa for another moment.

Then fades away.

Start Winning

Segment

The camera switches.

Selina Santorino is moving quickly through the corridor.

No drone.

No posing.

No smile for the camera.

Just frustration.

She turns a corner—

And nearly walks straight into Scott Stevens.

Selina stops.

Stevens looks at her.

Then at the expression on her face.

Scott Stevens: "Rough night?"

Selina lets out a humorless laugh.

Selina Santorino: "You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

Stevens raises an eyebrow.

Scott Stevens: "I don't particularly care one way or the other."

That lands harder than an insult.

Selina steps closer.

Selina Santorino: "Kairo put his hands on me."

Scott Stevens: "After you went after his injured shoulder."

Selina's eyes narrow.

Selina Santorino: "Eli was interfering the entire match."

Scott Stevens: "He stood there."

Selina Santorino: "The referee—"

Stevens cuts her off.

Scott Stevens: "You lost."

Silence.

Selina stares at him.

Scott Stevens: "You lost to Sol."

A beat.

Scott Stevens: "You blamed everybody else."

Another.

Scott Stevens: "So you went after Lindsey."

He leans in slightly.

Scott Stevens: "Then you got Lindsey."

Selina's jaw tightens.

Scott Stevens: "And you lost again."

Selina looks ready to explode.

Stevens doesn't give her the chance.

Scott Stevens: "At some point, Selina, you might want to consider the possibility that UTA isn't the problem."

That does it.

Selina steps right into his space.

Selina Santorino: "Careful."

Stevens doesn't move.

Scott Stevens: "No."

A beat.

Scott Stevens: "You be careful."

Selina glares at him.

Stevens starts to walk past her, then stops.

Scott Stevens: "You want opportunities?"

Selina turns.

Scott Stevens: "Start winning."

He walks away.

Selina remains alone in the corridor.

For several seconds, she doesn't move.

Then, slowly...

She reaches into her gear bag and pulls out her phone.

She looks down at the screen.

Then back in the direction Stevens disappeared.

The anger fades.

That same unsettling smile from ringside begins to return.

Selina raises the phone.

The camera catches the screen just long enough to see her open a social-media app.

She taps RECORD.

Cut away.

Hope Levitt vs. Darren Valliant

Match

The camera returns to ringside as the crowd settles in for the next contest.

Mark Bravo: "Coming up next, we are going to see the in-ring debut of Hope Levitt here in UTA."

John Phillips: "And after the impression she made backstage last week, I have a feeling Bianca Page is probably watching this one very closely."

Mark Bravo: "But Hope Levitt isn't getting a free introduction. Across the ring from her tonight will be Darren Valiant."

The arena lights shift.

Spotlights begin sweeping across State Farm Arena like the opening of a red-carpet premiere.

The opening guitar of "Gold Teeth Grin" hits.

The crowd gives a warm reaction.

Darren Valiant steps through the curtain.

Sleeveless jacket.

Chin high.

That familiar smirk already on his face.

Darren pauses beneath the lights and points both thumbs toward himself.

Then toward the ring.

Like he's already decided who the spotlight belongs to.

John Phillips: "Darren Valiant may be one of the most naturally confident people on this roster."

Mark Bravo: "And importantly, it's not empty confidence. Darren can go. He's quick, he's athletic, and he has a habit of turning a match around before his opponent even realizes they've lost control."

Darren begins down the ramp.

He reaches halfway and suddenly stops.

His feet start moving.

A quick shadow-boxing combination.

Left.

Right.

Body shot.

Then Darren spins and snaps his leg upward into a picture-perfect superkick pose.

He freezes there for the imaginary flashbulb.

The crowd cheers.

Darren lowers the leg and looks around the arena.

Smirking.

Of course they reacted.

He knew they would. :contentReference[oaicite:0]{index=0}

Mark Bravo: "Darren calls himself the Spotlight Specialist, and you can see why."

John Phillips: "The interesting thing tonight, though, is that Darren isn't the one everybody came into this match talking about."

Darren reaches ringside.

He stops at the bottom of the ramp.

Looks toward the entrance stage.

Then back toward the ring.

John Phillips: "Hope Levitt has the debut. Hope has the family name. Hope has the curiosity surrounding her."

Darren climbs onto the apron.

Mark Bravo: "Which means Darren Valiant has something he tends to enjoy."

John Phillips: "Something to prove."

Darren grips the top rope.

Slingshots himself through cleanly.

He lands on his feet.

Immediately throws both arms wide.

The crowd responds again.

Darren slowly turns in a circle, taking it in.

Then he points toward the hard camera.

Darren Valiant: "Still my show."

He grins.

Mark Bravo: "And that's the danger for Hope Levitt tonight. Darren isn't going to treat this like somebody else's debut."

John Phillips: "Nor should he. Hope may be new to UTA, but Darren Valiant is not here to be anybody's welcoming committee."

Darren removes his jacket and tosses it through the ropes to ringside.

He moves into the corner.

Bounces lightly on the balls of his feet.

Then looks toward the entrance.

The smirk remains.

But the eyes are focused.

Mark Bravo: "The Spotlight Specialist is ready."

Darren stretches his arms across the top ropes.

John Phillips: "Now let's meet The Star Dragon."

Darren's music begins to fade.

Every eye in State Farm Arena turns toward the stage.

Darren Valiant waits in his corner.

The arena lights suddenly brighten.

Not darken.

Brighten.

Splashes of colorful light begin racing across the entrance stage.

Then Hope Levitt's music hits.

And almost immediately—

Hope Levitt bursts through the curtain.

Not walks.

Not dramatically emerges.

Bursts.

She practically bounces onto the stage with both arms thrown into the air.

A massive smile stretches across her face.

Mark Bravo: "And there she is! Hope Levitt makes her first walk to the ring as an official UTA competitor!"

Hope spins around once, taking in State Farm Arena.

For just a second, the seemingly endless energy gives way to something more genuine.

Her eyes widen.

She looks around at the crowd.

Thousands of people.

UTA cameras.

The ring waiting at the end of the ramp.

This is real.

Then the smile somehow gets even bigger.

Hope Levitt: "THIS IS SO COOL!"

She starts down the ramp.

Fast.

Too fast.

Hope gets about six steps before abruptly realizing she's already passed several fans reaching toward her.

She stops.

Backpedals.

And begins slapping hands along the barricade.

John Phillips: "I'm exhausted already."

Mark Bravo: "She's been out here twelve seconds."

John Phillips: "Exactly."

Hope continues down the aisle, bouncing from one side of the barricade to the other.

High-five.

High-five.

Another.

She spots a young fan holding out both hands.

Hope gives them a double high-five.

Then turns around and almost collides with the opposite barricade.

She catches herself.

Looks directly into the camera.

Grins.

Gives an exaggerated thumbs-up.

Totally meant to do that.

Mark Bravo: "Hope Levitt is twenty-four years old, a second-generation wrestler, and while tonight is her UTA debut, this isn't her first time inside a wrestling ring."

John Phillips: "She's spent more than a year learning this business, training, wrestling wherever she could, and trying to establish herself as something beyond somebody's daughter."

Hope reaches ringside.

She stops.

And now she finally looks across the ring at Darren Valiant.

Darren is leaning against the turnbuckles.

Watching.

Smirking.

Hope points at him.

Then gives him a cheerful wave.

Darren looks around as though checking whether she could possibly be waving at someone else.

He points at himself.

Hope nods enthusiastically.

Yes.

You.

Darren laughs and gives her a small wave back.

John Phillips: "Okay. Apparently they're friends now."

Mark Bravo: "Give it about thirty seconds."

Hope hops onto the apron.

She grabs the top rope.

Stops.

Looks into the ring.

Then toward the crowd.

And instead of simply stepping through the ropes...

Hope launches herself over them.

She lands inside the ring.

A little awkwardly.

But upright.

Hope immediately throws both arms into the air like she just stuck an Olympic landing.

The crowd cheers.

Darren applauds from his corner.

Slowly.

With just enough amusement behind it to be insulting.

Hope sees him.

Her eyes narrow.

For maybe half a second.

Then she's smiling again.

She walks toward the ropes and climbs onto the middle turnbuckle.

Hope throws both arms upward.

THE STAR DRAGON.

A young woman who has already spent more than a year building her career while continuing to train and trying to establish an identity beyond her second-generation pedigree. :contentReference[oaicite:0]{index=0}

Hope hops down.

Then immediately runs to the opposite corner.

Up onto the middle rope again.

Another cheer.

John Phillips: "Does she have an off switch?"

Mark Bravo: "I don't believe so."

John Phillips: "That seems like a design flaw."

Hope jumps down again.

This time she turns toward Darren.

The smile remains.

But something subtly changes.

Her feet begin moving.

Lightly bouncing.

Her shoulders loosen.

The excitement is still there.

But now she's looking at Darren like an opponent.

Mark Bravo: "Don't mistake the personality for a lack of ability. Hope Levitt wrestles exactly like you'd expect from everything we've seen so far—fast, unpredictable, and with very little regard for the fact that the human body is not

supposed to be used as a projectile."

John Phillips: "Japanese arm drags, headscissors, enziguris, moonsaults—and if she gets rolling, Darren could find himself trying to hit a target that doesn't stay in the same place for more than half a second."

Hope's energetic style is built around constant motion and aerial offense, including the Canadian Destroyer she calls the Star Destroyer and a twisting shooting-star press known as the Geronimo Splash.

Hope walks toward the center of the ring.

Darren pushes himself out of his corner.

They meet halfway.

Darren looks Hope up and down.

Hope looks Darren up and down.

Darren offers his hand.

Hope looks at it.

Then at Darren.

She enthusiastically grabs it with both hands and shakes.

Hard.

Darren's entire arm moves with it.

His smile slowly disappears.

Hope Levitt: "GOOD LUCK!"

She releases him and bounces backward toward her corner.

Darren looks down at his hand.

Then toward Hope.

Then toward the referee.

Darren Valiant: "She's a lot."

The referee tries not to laugh.

John Phillips: "Bianca Page lasted about thirty seconds around her last week."

Mark Bravo: "And Hope wasn't even trying then."

The camera briefly catches Hope stretching against the ropes.

Her smile fades for a moment.

One deep breath.

She looks around State Farm Arena again.

Then toward the ring beneath her feet.

A quiet little nod to herself.

UTA.

She's here.

Then Hope turns around.

The smile returns.

She starts bouncing on the balls of her feet.

Darren rolls his neck in the opposite corner.

Mark Bravo: "Hope Levitt wanted the chance to make a name for herself."

The referee steps toward the center.

John Phillips: "Chance starts now."

The referee looks toward Darren Valiant.

Darren gives a confident nod.

The referee turns toward Hope Levitt.

Hope gives an extremely enthusiastic double thumbs-up.

The referee pauses.

One thumb probably would have been sufficient.

Hope keeps both up.

The referee finally signals.

DING! DING! DING!

The Atlanta crowd cheers as Hope immediately begins bouncing on the balls of her feet.

Darren circles toward the center.

Hope circles with him.

Fast.

Very fast.

Darren slows down.

Hope doesn't.

She makes nearly an entire extra rotation around him before realizing Darren has stopped.

Hope stops too.

Darren stares at her.

Hope smiles.

Hope Levitt: "Sorry."

John Phillips: "How does somebody apologize for circling too much?"

Mark Bravo: "Apparently like that."

They finally lock up.

Darren immediately uses his size advantage to turn Hope around and secure a side headlock.

Hope pushes against him.

Darren tightens his grip.

Hope tries again.

No movement.

Darren looks toward the crowd.

That smirk returns.

Hope reaches around his waist.

She tries lifting him.

Nothing.

Darren pats her on the top of the head.

The crowd laughs.

Hope freezes.

Darren's smile widens.

Hope points upward.

Hope Levitt: "Hey!"

Darren laughs—

Hope suddenly drops to one knee, slips her head free, catches Darren's wrist and sends him across the ring with a Japanese arm drag!

Darren hits the canvas!

He pops immediately back up—

Hope catches him with another arm drag!

Darren rolls through!

Hope charges!

Darren swings!

Hope ducks!

She hits the ropes!

Darren turns—

Hope launches into a headscissors!

Darren flips across the ring!

The crowd erupts!

Darren scrambles into the corner.

Hope pops to her feet.

She throws both arms into the air.

Hope Levitt: "WOOOO!"

She immediately turns toward Darren.

Hope Levitt: "Sorry!"

Darren stares at her.

John Phillips: "Stop apologizing to him!"

Mark Bravo: "I don't think she can hear you."

Darren pulls himself upright.

He's still smiling.

But it's different now.

Less amusement.

More acknowledgment.

Hope may be new to UTA.

She's not new to wrestling.

Darren steps forward again.

This time he offers a test of strength.

Hope looks at his hand.

Then at Darren.

She reaches upward.

Darren pulls his hand higher.

Hope reaches farther.

Darren raises it again.

Hope gives him an annoyed look.

Darren grins.

Hope jumps.

Darren moves his hand.

Hope lands.

She puts both hands on her hips.

Darren laughs.

Hope kicks him directly in the shin.

Darren Valiant: "OW!"

Hope grabs his wrist!

Darren reverses!

He pulls Hope toward him—

Hope leapfrogs over!

She lands behind Darren!

Darren turns—

SUPERKICK!

Hope's eyes go wide!

She throws herself backward and Darren's boot misses her face by inches!

Hope hits the canvas.

Darren looks down.

Hope looks up.

Hope Levitt: "WHOA."

Darren points at her.

Darren Valiant: "Almost."

Hope nods.

Hope Levitt: "Yeah!"

Then sweeps Darren's legs out from underneath him!

Hope jumps onto him!

ONE!

Darren immediately kicks out!

Both scramble to their feet!

Darren swings!

Hope ducks!

Hope swings!

Darren ducks!

They both hit opposite ropes!

Hope comes flying back—

PICTURE-PERFECT DROPKICK FROM DARREN!

Hope gets absolutely drilled!

She crashes onto her back and rolls halfway across the ring!

John Phillips: "WELCOME TO UTA!"

Mark Bravo: "And there's the experience difference! Hope was moving fast, Darren let her move fast, and then he put himself exactly where she was going to be."

Darren covers.

ONE!

TWO!

Hope kicks out!

Darren immediately grabs Hope by the arm and pulls her upright.

Hope throws a forearm.

Darren absorbs it.

Hope throws another.

Darren answers with one of his own.

Hope staggers.

Darren whips her into the ropes.

Hope rebounds—

SNAP NECKBREAKER!

Hope hits hard!

Darren hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

Hope gets the shoulder up!

Darren sits beside her.

He nods.

No frustration.

He's beginning to understand what he's dealing with.

Mark Bravo: "Darren Valiant is doing exactly what a veteran should do against someone like Hope. Slow her down. Make her wrestle your match."

John Phillips: "Because Hope's entire game appears to be based around the scientific principle of 'what if I run at it really fast?'"

Mark Bravo: "There's slightly more to it than that."

John Phillips: "So far, not much."

Darren pulls Hope up.

He sends her hard into the corner.

Hope's back crashes against the turnbuckles.

Darren charges—

Hope gets both boots up!

Darren catches them!

Hope's eyes widen.

Darren throws her legs aside.

Hope twists in the air—

LANDS ON HER FEET!

Darren turns!

Hope leaps!

FOREARM SMASH!

Darren staggers!

Hope hits the ropes!

Another leaping forearm!

Darren goes down!

Hope lands on her stomach.

She immediately pushes herself up.

The crowd begins clapping along.

Hope runs.

Ropes.

Darren gets up.

STEP-UP ENZIGURI!

Darren collapses!

Hope covers!

ONE!

TWO!

Darren kicks out!

Hope sits upright.

She looks at the referee.

Hope Levitt: "Two?"

The referee confirms.

Hope nods rapidly.

Hope Levitt: "Okay! Okay. Cool. Two."

She gets back up.

John Phillips: "She's giving herself live commentary."

Hope grabs Darren.

She tries pulling him toward the corner.

Darren blocks.

Hope pulls harder.

Darren still doesn't move.

Hope plants both feet against the canvas and leans backward with everything she has.

Darren looks at her.
Then simply yanks his arm.
Hope comes flying toward him.
Darren catches her—
Hope twists!
DDT attempt!
Darren blocks!
He lifts Hope!
Hope kicks wildly!
She slides down his back!
Darren turns—
Hope jumps!
TOOTHLESS TWIST!
The Twist of Fate drives Darren into the canvas!
Hope rolls him over!
ONE!
TWO!
TH—!
Darren kicks out!
The crowd reacts!
Hope falls backward.
She stares at the ceiling.
Hope Levitt: "Ohhhhhhh."
Then she sits back up.
Hope Levitt: "Okay."
Darren rolls toward the ropes.
Hope watches him.
An idea arrives.
That may not necessarily be a good thing.
Hope gets up.
She grabs the top rope.
Looks toward Darren.
Looks toward the turnbuckles.

Then back at Darren.

John Phillips: "I recognize that look."

Mark Bravo: "What look?"

John Phillips: "The look somebody gets immediately before doing something their trainer specifically told them not to do."

Hope runs toward the corner.

She steps onto the middle rope.

Springs upward—

Darren suddenly gets to his feet!

Hope adjusts in midair!

She comes down—

DARREN CATCHES HER!

Hope is trapped across his body!

Darren turns—

Hope wriggles free!

She lands behind him!

Darren spins around!

SPOTLIGHT KICK!

THE SUPERKICK CONNECTS!

Hope's head snaps backward!

She collapses!

Darren dives onto her!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE—!

HOPE KICKS OUT!

The crowd erupts!

Darren sits upright.

His eyes widen.

John Phillips: "Hope Levitt just survived the Spotlight Kick!"

Darren looks toward the referee.

The referee holds up two.

Darren nods.

He's impressed.

Hope is barely moving.
Darren rises.
He looks down at her.
Darren Valiant: "All right."
The smile disappears.
Darren Valiant: "Let's go."
He pulls Hope upright.
Darren throws a forearm!
Hope nearly falls.
Darren catches her.
Another forearm!
Hope wobbles.
Darren sends her toward the ropes.
Hope rebounds.
Darren deliberately leaves himself open.
Hope swings—
Darren absorbs it!
He dramatically stumbles backward!
Hope sees the opening!
She charges!
Darren suddenly explodes off the ropes!
He slips behind Hope!
Mark Bravo: "VALIANT SHIFT!"
Darren jumps for the reverse DDT—
But Hope grabs the top rope!
Darren loses her!
He crashes onto his back!
John Phillips: "SHE SAW IT!"
Hope spins around!
Darren pops back up!
Hope charges!
Darren ducks!
Hope hits the ropes!

Darren turns—
Hope jumps onto his shoulders!
Darren tries to hold her!
Hope twists!
STAR DESTROYER!
THE CANADIAN DESTROYER SPIKES DARREN!
The arena explodes!
Hope collapses beside him!
Mark Bravo: "STAR DESTROYER! SHE GOT ALL OF IT!"
Hope rolls Darren over.
Cover!
ONE!
TWO!
THRE—!
DARREN GETS THE SHOULDER UP!
Hope's mouth falls open.
She looks at the referee.
The referee holds up two.
Hope looks back at Darren.
Then at the referee.
Back at Darren.
Hope Levitt: "Seriously?"
The crowd laughs.
Darren rolls onto his stomach.
Hope takes a breath.
Then another.
For perhaps the first time since the bell rang...
Hope slows down.
She looks at Darren.
Studies him.
Thinks.
Mark Bravo: "This is important."
John Phillips: "Hope thinking?"

Mark Bravo: "Hope learning. Darren has survived everything she's thrown at him. Now she has to figure out how to finish a match instead of simply throwing more movement at the problem."

Hope looks toward the corner.

Then toward Darren.

She smiles.

Okay.

Maybe the thinking portion is finished.

Hope races toward the corner!

She climbs to the second rope.

Darren begins getting up.

Hope waits.

Darren turns.

Hope launches—

Darren sidesteps!

Hope lands on her feet!

She rolls through!

Back up!

Darren charges!

Hope leapfrogs!

Darren hits the ropes!

Hope turns!

Darren comes back—

Hope catches him!

Headscissors!

Darren is sent flying directly into the corner!

He hits chest-first!

Darren turns around—

Hope is already running!

HERE I COME!

CHARGING DOUBLE KNEES INTO THE CORNER!

Darren crumples!

Hope lands and rolls backward!

The crowd rises.

Hope looks at Darren.

Then looks toward the top turnbuckle.

The arena begins getting louder.

John Phillips: "Oh boy."

Hope climbs.

First rope.

Second.

Top.

She turns around.

Darren is still down.

Hope steadies herself.

The smile is enormous.

Mark Bravo: "Hope Levitt may be looking to make her first night in a UTA ring unforgettable!"

Hope looks out across State Farm Arena.

She takes a breath.

Then screams at the top of her lungs—

Hope Levitt: "GERONIMOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Hope launches.

Twisting.

Rotating.

Flying through the Atlanta air—

GERONIMO SPLASH!

THE TWISTING SHOOTING STAR PRESS CONNECTS!

Hope bounces off Darren from the impact!

She grabs her ribs!

Then realizes she needs to actually pin him.

Hope dives back across Darren!

Hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

State Farm Arena erupts!

Hope rolls off Darren and lies flat on her back.

Her music hits.

For approximately two seconds...

Hope doesn't move.

Then her eyes open.

She looks toward the referee.

Hope Levitt: "I WON?!"

The referee nods.

Hope shoots upright.

Hope Levitt: "I WON!"

She jumps to her feet!

Both arms shoot into the air!

Mark Bravo: "Hope Levitt has done it! The Star Dragon wins her UTA debut!"

John Phillips: "And I'll give her credit, Bravo. Darren Valiant made her work for every bit of it."

Hope climbs onto the middle turnbuckle.

She throws her arms into the air.

The crowd responds.

Hope points out into the audience.

Then at herself.

Then seems momentarily unsure what she's supposed to do next.

So she just starts celebrating again.

Mark Bravo: "There was plenty of rawness there. There were moments when Hope moved before she thought. Darren caught her more than once because of it. But there is absolutely no denying the athletic ability."

John Phillips: "And there's no denying the guts, either. She ate the Spotlight Kick, survived it, avoided the Valiant Shift and eventually found the opening she needed."

Hope jumps down from the turnbuckles.

Darren is sitting against the bottom rope now.

He rubs the back of his neck.

Hope notices him.

Her celebration stops.

She walks over.

Darren looks up.

Hope extends her hand.

Darren looks at it.

Then at Hope.

Hope waits.

Darren reaches up and takes it.

The crowd applauds.

Hope tries pulling him upright.

Nothing happens.

She pulls harder.

Still nothing.

Darren eventually gets up mostly under his own power.

Hope pretends she did it.

Darren shakes his head.

Then raises Hope's arm.

Another cheer.

John Phillips: "Darren Valiant doesn't have to like losing, but he knows what happened tonight."

Mark Bravo: "Hope earned it."

Darren releases her hand.

Hope gives him another enthusiastic thumbs-up.

Darren points at her.

Darren Valiant: "You're insane."

Hope beams.

Hope Levitt: "Thank you!"

Darren stares at her.

That wasn't a compliment.

Hope has already turned away.

She climbs another turnbuckle.

Both arms raised.

The camera gets a close shot of the rookie soaking in the moment.

Mark Bravo: "Last week, Hope Levitt introduced herself to UTA by getting underneath Bianca Page's skin."

The camera briefly cuts to Darren leaving the ring, shaking his head but smiling despite himself.

Then back to Hope.

Mark Bravo: "Tonight, she introduced herself the way that matters most."

Hope jumps down from the turnbuckles.

John Phillips: "With a win."

Hope heads toward the ropes—

Then stops.

She looks around State Farm Arena one more time.

The smile softens.

Just for a moment.

This one clearly means something.

Then somebody in the front row gets her attention.

The energy instantly returns.

Hope slides underneath the bottom rope and starts slapping hands around ringside.

Mark Bravo: "One match. One victory. And a successful UTA debut for Hope Levitt."

John Phillips: "And somewhere backstage, Bianca Page just developed a headache and has absolutely no idea why."

Hope continues celebrating with the Atlanta crowd as the broadcast prepares to move on.

Hightowers

Segment

The Hightower Clan has taken over a section of the locker-room area.

Emily Hightower stands in the middle of it, arms folded tightly across her chest.

She is not happy.

David Hightower sits nearby, calm as ever.

Buck Hightower leans against a locker.

Dakota Hightower is seated on a bench, watching Emily pace.

Emily Hightower: "So."

She stops.

Looks at all three of them.

Emily Hightower: "Where exactly were all of you last week?"

David raises an eyebrow.

David Hightower: "Last week?"

Emily Hightower: "Yes. Last week."

She points toward the floor for emphasis.

Emily Hightower: "When Bianca Page came down to ringside, picked up my championships, played with them like they belonged to her, and then hit me in the face with one of them."

Buck winces slightly.

Dakota looks toward David.

David remains composed.

David Hightower: "Bianca Page didn't cost you anything."

Emily stares at him.

Emily Hightower: "Excuse me?"

David Hightower: "You heard me."

He stands.

David Hightower: "You got distracted."

Emily's expression hardens.

David Hightower: "Bianca was there. She did what Bianca does. She got under your skin."

David Hightower: "And you let her."

Emily Hightower: "She hit me with my own belt."

David Hightower: "After you stopped paying attention to Maxwell Jett."

A beat.

David Hightower: "That's on you."

Emily glares at him.

Emily Hightower: "That is beside the point."

David tilts his head.

Emily Hightower: "Where were you?"

Buck finally speaks.

Buck Hightower: "Keeping an eye on First Class."

Emily turns toward him.

Emily Hightower: "What?"

Dakota Hightower: "Jacoby. Darian."

Buck Hightower: "We figured if anybody was gonna get involved in Maxwell's match, it'd be them."

Dakota Hightower: "So we made sure they didn't."

Emily looks from Buck...

To Dakota...

Then finally back to David.

Emily Hightower: "You were watching First Class?"

David Hightower: "Yes."

Emily Hightower: "Instead of watching me?"

David Hightower: "We were watching your match."

Emily Hightower: "No."

She takes a step toward him.

Emily Hightower: "You were watching them."

David doesn't flinch.

Emily Hightower: "You should've been watching me."

There is a brief silence.

Buck and Dakota exchange a glance.

David studies Emily.

David Hightower: "Emily."

Emily Hightower: "No."

She points toward him.

Emily Hightower: "I don't care what First Class was doing."

Emily Hightower: "I don't care what Maxwell Jett was doing."

Emily Hightower: "I care that Bianca Page walked down there, put her hands on my championships, put her hands on me, and nobody from this family was there to stop it."

Dakota sits forward slightly.

Dakota Hightower: "You want us at ringside every time now?"

Emily looks at her.

Emily Hightower: "I want you paying attention."

That lands.

David crosses his arms.

David Hightower: "And I want you to stop letting people pull your eyes away from what's in front of you."

Emily looks back at him.

David Hightower: "You want to deal with Bianca?"

Emily Hightower: "I do."

David Hightower: "Then deal with Bianca."

David Hightower: "But don't make the same mistake twice."

Emily's jaw tightens.

Emily Hightower: "I won't."

A beat.

Emily Hightower: "Because next time, I'm not taking my eyes off her."

Buck looks toward David.

Buck Hightower: "That sounded healthy."

Dakota suppresses a smile.

Emily slowly turns her head toward Buck.

Emily Hightower: "You wanna be funny?"

Buck immediately raises both hands.

Buck Hightower: "Nope."

Dakota Hightower: "Smart."

Emily looks back toward David.

Emily Hightower: "Next time..."

She points between all three of them.

Emily Hightower: "Keep your eyes on me."

David nods once.

David Hightower: "Then make sure there's something worth watching."

Emily stares at him for a beat.

Then a faint smile starts to form.

Not because she agrees.

Because now she has something to prove.

CUT.

Going Reaper Hunting

Segment

The broadcast cuts backstage.

Melissa Cartwright stands in one of State Farm Arena's service corridors.

Unlike the polished interview area, this part of the building is all concrete walls, exposed pipes, stacked production cases and cables running along the floor.

Melissa has her microphone ready.

There's just one problem.

She appears to be alone.

Melissa looks off-camera.

Then the other direction.

Melissa Cartwright: "Okay... I am standing here with—"

She stops.

Looks beside her.

Nobody.

Melissa Cartwright: "Well, I thought I was standing here with Madman Szalinski."

Melissa looks toward someone behind the camera.

Melissa Cartwright: "Apparently I'm not."

She waits another moment.

Melissa Cartwright: "Has anyone actually heard from—"

BOOOOOOM!

Melissa SCREAMS and ducks!

The camera violently jerks sideways.

A cloud of thick black smoke rolls into the far end of the corridor.

Through the haze, a fresh black powder stain can be seen splattered across the concrete wall.

Melissa Cartwright: "OH MY GOD!"

Production staff scatter.

The camera operator somehow remains on the job.

And emerging through the smoke...

Is Madman Szalinski.

Madman has camouflage-style paint smeared across his mask.

On top of his head is an Elmer Fudd-style hunting cap.

And in his hands...

Is a musket that looks like it may have personally witnessed the British surrender at Yorktown.

Madman looks toward Melissa.

Madman Szalinski: "I was trying to be quiet."

He looks back toward the smoking wall.

Madman Szalinski: "I guess I messed that up."

Madman examines the musket.

He turns it sideways.

Looks down the barrel.

Melissa immediately reaches over and pushes the barrel away from his face.

Melissa Cartwright: "Don't do that!"

Madman Szalinski: "Do what?"

Melissa Cartwright: "Look down the barrel!"

Madman considers this.

Madman Szalinski: "Probably good advice."

He looks back toward the scorch mark.

Madman Szalinski: "I really don't know what I'm doing mixing up the load for these things."

Melissa stares at him.

Then at the musket.

Then back at Madman.

Melissa Cartwright: "Is that a firearm?!"

Madman Szalinski: "Relax."

He holds it up.

Madman Szalinski: "It's not loaded."

A beat.

Madman Szalinski: "Not anymore."

Melissa takes a deliberate step backward.

Madman Szalinski: "Give me like three minutes. These things take forever."

He starts checking various pouches on his hunting gear.

Nothing.

Another pocket.

Nothing.

He looks around.

Then spots something beside the camera.

Madman Szalinski: "Hey, camera guy."

The camera doesn't move.

Madman Szalinski: "Can I borrow that tripod?"

The camera immediately pans away from the tripod.

Madman Szalinski: "I'll bring it back."

Melissa finally steps between Madman and whatever terrible idea is forming in his head.

Melissa Cartwright: "Madman! We are supposed to be doing an interview!"

Madman looks genuinely confused.

Madman Szalinski: "For what?"

Melissa blinks.

Madman Szalinski: "You doing a documentary on me or something?"

He waves her off.

Madman Szalinski: "I already told you and these people everything last week."

The humor drains slightly from his voice.

Madman Szalinski: "I do what I want."

Madman adjusts the hunting cap.

Madman Szalinski: "And tonight..."

He raises the musket onto his shoulder.

Madman Szalinski: "...I'm a-goin' Reaper huntin'."

Melissa slowly lowers the microphone.

Madman stares directly at her.

Then raises one finger to where his lips would be beneath the mask.

Madman Szalinski: "So be very..."

A pause.

Madman Szalinski: "...very..."

Another.

Madman Szalinski: "...quiet."

Madman gives an unmistakable Elmer Fudd-style laugh.

Melissa doesn't know what to do with any of this.

Madman suddenly turns toward the camera.

The silliness remains.

But the eyes behind the mask become much more focused.

Madman Szalinski: "Mr. Ross."

He steps closer.

Madman Szalinski: "If you're in this building..."

A beat.

Madman Szalinski: "...I will find you."

He taps the side of the musket.

Madman Szalinski: "And when I find you, I won't need any magic tricks."

Madman tilts his head.

Madman Szalinski: "I won't be hiding in your car."

He points accusingly toward the camera.

Madman Szalinski: "I won't be stealing all of your phone charger cables."

Madman suddenly stops.

Something clicks.

His head snaps toward Melissa.

Madman Szalinski: "THE PHONE CHARGER CABLES!"

Melissa recoils.

Madman Szalinski: "He stole my phone charger cables!"

Melissa Cartwright: "Are... are you sure you didn't just misplace them?"

Madman slowly turns toward her.

Offended.

Deeply offended.

Madman Szalinski: "Ma'am."

He puts one hand over his chest.

Madman Szalinski: "I don't misplace anything."

A beat.

Madman Szalinski: "I replace them."

Melissa opens her mouth.

Nothing comes out.

Madman nods as though he just said something incredibly profound.

Madman Szalinski: "And it's about time for me to replace what's in front of me..."

He gestures toward Melissa.

Madman Szalinski: "...with the UTA World Champion."

The mood changes again.

Just enough.

Madman Szalinski: "So if you'll excuse me, I'm gonna go find the crap that makes this thing work again..."

He pats the musket.

Madman Szalinski: "...then I'm gonna go find Ross."

Madman raises one finger again.

Madman Szalinski: "Quiet."

He turns.

Then begins exaggeratedly tiptoeing down the corridor.

Hunting the Reaper.

With an unloaded Revolutionary War-era musket.

Melissa Cartwright remains completely still.

She watches Madman disappear around the corner.

Then slowly turns toward the camera.

Melissa Cartwright: "I don't even know—"

A figure suddenly steps into frame beside her.

Melissa jumps again.

Melissa Cartwright: "Chris!"

Chris Ross.

The UTA Championship rests over his shoulder.

Which means Ross was close enough to hear virtually all of it.

He looks down the corridor where Madman disappeared.

Then that familiar Reaper grin begins creeping across his face.

Chris Ross: "So..."

Ross slowly adjusts the championship on his shoulder.

Chris Ross: "...the prey thinks he's the hunter."

His grin widens.

Chris Ross: "Oh, I am going to enjoy this."

Melissa looks toward the corridor.

Melissa Cartwright: "Chris, considering what happened the last time the two of you were in the same place, maybe you should—"

Ross raises a hand.

Not threatening Melissa.

Simply telling her that he's already made his decision.

Chris Ross: "No, no, no."

He looks back toward where Madman went.

Chris Ross: "Let him hunt."

A beat.

Chris Ross: "Let him search every hallway."

Chris Ross: "Let him check every locker room."

Chris Ross: "Let him convince himself he's getting closer."

Ross's voice lowers.

Chris Ross: "Because every step he takes..."

The grin returns.

Chris Ross: "...he shows me something."

Melissa watches him carefully.

Chris Ross: "Like watching a worm writhe through pure madness."

He chuckles quietly.

Chris Ross: "Let's see what this maniac does next, shall we?"

Ross glances toward the camera.

Chris Ross: "Let's see what kind of weakness he reveals to me."

Ross starts to walk away.

Then stops.

He looks back toward Melissa.

Chris Ross: "Besides..."

That Reaper smile spreads across his face.

Chris Ross: "...I told him."

A beat.

Chris Ross: "Any time."

Ross takes a step backward.

Chris Ross: "Any place."

Another.

Chris Ross: "Anywhere."

And then comes that unmistakable Reaper laugh.

Ross disappears around the opposite corner.

Melissa is left standing alone.

Again.

She looks toward the direction Madman went.

Then toward the direction Ross went.

Then at the black powder stain still covering the distant wall.

Melissa looks directly into the camera.

Melissa Cartwright: "I'm going back to the interview area."

She walks out of frame.

The camera lingers on the empty hallway.

Somewhere in the distance...

Madman Szalinski: "Be vewy, vewy quiet..."

The cameraman immediately begins moving in the opposite direction.

Cut back to ringside.

The PAS vs. Velocity Vanguard

Match

The camera returns to ringside as the ring is cleared for tag team competition.

Mark Bravo: "We're staying with the action here in Atlanta, and this next match may prove important well beyond what happens tonight."

John Phillips: "Because earlier tonight, The PAS made their intentions very clear. They don't just want the vacant UTA Tag Team Championships. They want an actual tag team division worth ruling."

Mark Bravo: "And their first test is a team that knows a thing or two about tag team wrestling."

The arena lights begin pulsing between electric blue and sharp red-and-white bursts.

A fast, driving beat kicks through State Farm Arena.

The video wall comes alive with streaks of light racing across the screen.

VELOCITY VANGUARD.

The crowd responds.

Out first comes Tyler Cruz.

The Red Rocket dances through the entranceway, feeding off the rhythm of the music before suddenly throwing himself forward into a handspring down the stage.

He lands clean.

Pops upright.

And throws both arms wide.

Tyler Cruz: "¡VAMOS!"

He begins clapping a rhythm over his head.

A section of the Atlanta crowd picks it up almost immediately.

Then—

A burst of CO2 erupts beside him.

Jet Lawson sprints straight through it.

No hesitation.

No dramatic pause.

The Blue Comet races past Tyler, slaps his partner across the shoulder on the way by and charges down the ramp.

John Phillips: "And there goes Jet Lawson!"

Mark Bravo: "That's Velocity Vanguard. They don't really have a slow setting."

Jet reaches ringside at full speed.

He jumps onto the apron—

Flips over the top rope—

And lands inside the ring.

The crowd cheers.

Jet immediately runs to the ropes and springs onto the middle strand, balancing there for a beat before dropping back into the ring.

Behind him, Tyler comes racing down the ramp.

He slaps hands along one side of the barricade.

Switches to the other.

Then uses the ring steps as a launching point onto the apron.

Tyler grabs the top rope.

Vaults over.

Rolls through.

And comes up beside Jet.

The two partners slap hands.

Jet points toward Tyler.

Tyler points toward Jet.

Then both throw their arms toward the crowd.

John Phillips: "This is what The PAS were talking about earlier. If you're asking who's willing to step up and take tag team wrestling seriously, Velocity Vanguard already has."

Mark Bravo: "Tyler Cruz and Jet Lawson are not two singles wrestlers somebody decided to pair together tonight. They are an established team. They know each other's timing. They know how to use speed in combination instead of independently."

Tyler, a second-generation luchador, brings traditional técnica mixed with flamboyant showmanship, while Jet Lawson combines parkour-style agility with sharp striking and relentless rope rebounds. Together, their identity has always been built around speed and precision. :contentReference[oaicite:0]{index=0} :contentReference[oaicite:1]{index=1}

Tyler moves toward the corner.

He grabs the ropes and stretches one leg against the turnbuckle.

Jet jogs in place beside him.

Neither man seems particularly intimidated.

If anything...

They're excited.

John Phillips: "I hope they're enjoying themselves now."

Mark Bravo: "Why?"

John Phillips: "Because I've seen who's coming out next."

Jet hears something from a fan at ringside and turns.

The fan makes a gesture suggesting the Fatu twins are enormous.

Jet looks toward the entrance.

Then back toward the fan.

He spreads his hands even farther apart.

Bigger than that?

The fan nods emphatically.

Jet slowly turns back toward Tyler.

Jet Lawson: "Apparently they're really big."

Tyler shrugs.

Tyler Cruz: "Then they fall farther."

Jet considers that.

Nods.

Fair enough.

Mark Bravo: "That's going to be the fundamental question in this match. Velocity Vanguard has an enormous speed advantage."

John Phillips: "They'd better. Kimo and Keanu Fatu are each six-foot-three and three hundred eighty-five pounds. If

Velocity Vanguard stops moving tonight, this could become a very short evening."

Tyler climbs onto the middle turnbuckle.

He begins clapping overhead again.

The crowd joins him.

Jet climbs the adjacent corner.

Both men point toward the center of the ring.

Then toward themselves.

Mark Bravo: "They've called themselves history in motion before, and tonight they have an opportunity to become part of something that UTA desperately needs."

John Phillips: "A tag team division."

Tyler and Jet hop down.

The music begins to fade.

They move into their corner together.

No arguing over who starts.

No last-second planning.

They exchange one quick fist bump.

Tyler steps onto the apron.

Jet remains inside.

Both look toward the entrance stage.

The energy in the arena begins to change.

Mark Bravo: "Velocity Vanguard has answered the challenge."

John Phillips: "Now comes the part where they find out exactly what they've volunteered for."

Velocity Vanguard remains in the ring.

Jet Lawson bounces lightly in place.

Tyler Cruz grips the top rope from the apron.

The crowd is still clapping with them.

Then the arena lights drop.

The clapping slows.

Stops.

A low, heavy beat rolls through State Farm Arena.

Not fast.

Not flashy.

Just weight.

The video wall goes black.

Then two words appear in stark lettering.

THE PAS.

A second line follows.

GATE SHUT.

Then another.

PATH CLOSED.

The crowd reaction changes immediately.

John Phillips: "And here they come."

Mark Bravo: "Earlier tonight, Kimo and Keanu Fatu said UTA wants a tag team division, build one strong enough to survive them."

The first figure steps through the curtain.

Kimo Fatu.

Six-foot-three.

Three hundred eighty-five pounds.

Da Savage Samoan.

He does not pose.

Does not play to the crowd.

He simply walks forward and stops at the top of the stage.

Then, beside him—

Keanu Fatu.

Same height.

Same weight.

Da Samoan Hitman.

The younger twin stands shoulder-to-shoulder with his brother.

Two enormous men from Honolulu, Hawaii, carrying the Stevens-Fatu-Barbosa bloodline into the tag division.
:contentReference[oaicite:0]{index=0} :contentReference[oaicite:1]{index=1}

For several seconds...

Neither moves.

Velocity Vanguard watches from the ring.

Jet's bouncing has stopped.

Tyler's hands have dropped from the ropes.

John Phillips: "They look even bigger when somebody else is standing in the ring waiting for them."

Mark Bravo: "And what makes The PAS dangerous isn't simply the size. These are not two giants thrown together because they happen to share a last name."

Kimo slowly turns his head toward Keanu.

Keanu looks back.

No words.

They begin walking.

Together.

Same pace.

Same stride.

No wasted motion.

Mark Bravo: "Kimo is the mauler. Heavy strikes. Crushing grapples. He wants to run through you."

John Phillips: "Keanu's different. Same size, but there's something colder about him. Everything is measured. Everything is precise."

Kimo's in-ring style is built around relentless power and intimidation, while Keanu works with a more calculated, sudden-strike efficiency despite carrying the same massive frame. :contentReference[oaicite:2]{index=2} :contentReference[oaicite:3]{index=3}

The twins continue down the ramp.

A fan at ringside reaches over the barricade.

Kimo does not acknowledge him.

Keanu doesn't even look.

They aren't here for the crowd.

They're looking only at the ring.

At Velocity Vanguard.

John Phillips: "Tyler Cruz and Jet Lawson said yes to the challenge."

Mark Bravo: "The PAS said earlier that anybody who beats them belongs."

Kimo reaches ringside first.

He stops.

Looks up at Jet Lawson.

Jet stands his ground.

Kimo's expression doesn't change.

Keanu steps alongside him and looks toward Tyler Cruz.

Tyler responds with a grin.

He spreads his arms.

Tyler Cruz: "Come on."

Keanu stares at him.

A beat.

Then Keanu turns toward Kimo.

Keanu Fatu: "First test."

Kimo nods.

Kimo Fatu: "Try."

The crowd reacts.

The twins climb onto the apron.

The ring suddenly looks considerably smaller.

Kimo steps over the middle rope.

Keanu follows.

Jet immediately takes a step forward.

Tyler enters behind him.

All four men are now in the ring.

The referee quickly moves between the teams before anything starts early.

Velocity Vanguard stays active.

Jet shifts side-to-side.

Tyler rolls his shoulders and bounces on his feet.

The PAS...

Do nothing.

They simply stand there.

Watching.

John Phillips: "That might be the most unnerving part. Velocity Vanguard looks ready to go a hundred miles an hour."

Mark Bravo: "And The PAS don't look like they need to."

Kimo looks toward Jet.

Then Tyler.

Keanu does the same.

The brothers exchange another glance.

Kimo steps toward their corner.

Keanu remains in the ring.

No discussion necessary.

No debate about who starts.

Mark Bravo: "That is what I mean when I say they're a team. They communicate almost without communicating."

Keanu backs toward the center.

Kimo grips the top rope from the apron.

Across from them, Jet looks at Tyler.

Tyler gives him a nod.

Jet stays in.

John Phillips: "Speed against force."

Mark Bravo: "And if The PAS get what they want, this is only the beginning."

The camera pulls wider.

Velocity Vanguard in one corner.

The Fatu twins in the other.

Two completely different visions of what tag team wrestling can look like.

The referee checks both sides.

John Phillips: "The PAS said bring teams."

A beat.

John Phillips: "Velocity Vanguard brought one."

Keanu lowers his stance.

Jet starts bouncing again.

Mark Bravo: "Now let's see who survives."

The referee looks toward Jet Lawson.

Then toward Keanu Fatu.

Keanu doesn't move.

Jet does enough moving for both of them.

The referee signals.

DING! DING! DING!

Jet immediately starts circling.

Keanu remains near the center of the ring.

Jet changes direction.

Keanu turns with him.

Jet feints left.

Right.

Another left.

Keanu's eyes follow him.

Nothing else does.

John Phillips: "Jet Lawson is trying to find an angle."

Mark Bravo: "Against a man three hundred eighty-five pounds who doesn't seem particularly interested in giving him one."

Jet darts forward.
Low kick to Keanu's thigh.
Immediately out.
Keanu looks down at his leg.
Jet circles again.
Another quick kick.
Out.
Keanu turns.
Jet shoots in again—
Keanu swings!
Jet ducks underneath!
Hits the ropes!
Comes back—
Keanu tries to catch him!
Jet slides between his legs!
The crowd cheers!
Jet pops up behind him.
Dropkick to the back!
Keanu takes one step forward.
That's it.
Jet's eyes widen slightly.
Keanu slowly turns around.
John Phillips: "Well, that didn't work."
Jet looks toward Tyler.
Tyler gestures for him to keep moving.
Jet nods.
He takes off again.
Ropes.
Keanu waits.
Jet rebounds.
Keanu swings a clothesline!
Jet ducks!
Opposite ropes!

Jet comes back even faster!

Keanu suddenly steps forward—

WHAM!

A massive open-handed slap catches Jet directly across the face!

Jet spins around and collapses to the canvas!

The entire arena reacts to the sound.

John Phillips: "GOOD LORD!"

Mark Bravo: "Keanu just stopped him with one shot!"

Jet lies on his stomach.

His hand slowly rises to his cheek.

Keanu looks down at him.

No taunt.

No smile.

He simply reaches down and grabs Jet by the back of the neck.

Jet fires a forearm into Keanu's stomach.

Another!

Another!

Keanu's grip loosens!

Jet breaks free!

He immediately runs to the corner.

TAG!

Tyler Cruz springs over the top rope.

He doesn't wait for Keanu.

Tyler charges!

Dropkick to the knee!

Keanu drops slightly!

Tyler hits the ropes!

Running forearm!

Keanu rocks backward!

Tyler runs again!

Another forearm!

Keanu backs toward the ropes!

The crowd gets louder!

Mark Bravo: "This is exactly what Velocity Vanguard has to do! Don't let The PAS establish their pace!"

Tyler points toward Jet.

Jet is already moving.

Tyler grabs Keanu's wrist.

He tries an Irish whip.

Keanu doesn't move.

Tyler tries again.

Nothing.

Jet reaches through the ropes.

TAG!

Tyler suddenly drops to all fours.

Jet springboards over the top rope—

Uses Tyler's back as another launching point—

And flies into Keanu with a forearm!

Keanu finally staggers backward into the corner!

The crowd cheers!

Jet lands and immediately drops down.

Tyler charges off the opposite ropes—

Jet boosts him upward!

Tyler flies—

DROPKICK INTO THE CORNER!

Keanu's head snaps backward!

Tyler rolls away!

Jet charges—

Running knee!

Keanu takes it!

Jet backs up.

Tyler returns to the apron.

John Phillips: "There it is! That's tag team wrestling!"

Mark Bravo: "And that's exactly why The PAS wanted this! Velocity Vanguard has speed, they have combinations, and most importantly, they already think as a team!"

Jet grabs Keanu.

He tries pulling him away from the corner.

Keanu suddenly grabs Jet around the throat.

The crowd noise changes instantly.

Jet's eyes go wide.

Keanu pulls him closer.

Jet fires a kick!

Another!

Keanu releases!

Jet turns and hits the ropes—

Keanu explodes forward.

LARIAT!

Jet Lawson turns inside out!

John Phillips: "OH!"

Jet crashes onto his stomach.

Keanu stands over him.

Then looks toward his corner.

Kimo extends one hand.

Keanu walks over.

TAG!

Kimo Fatu enters.

Slowly.

Jet is still trying to push himself up.

Kimo approaches.

Jet reaches one knee.

Kimo grabs him around the waist.

And simply launches him.

BELLY-TO-BELLY SUPLEX!

Jet flies halfway across the ring!

Mark Bravo: "And now Kimo Fatu is legal."

John Phillips: "That sentence should come with an emergency alert."

Jet rolls toward the ropes.

Kimo follows.

Jet tries getting up.

Kimo grabs him.

Jet fires a forearm!

Kimo doesn't react.

Another!

Kimo's head turns slightly.

Jet throws a third!

Kimo turns back toward him.

Jet realizes this may have been a mistake.

Kimo grabs him.

HEADBUTT!

Jet stumbles backward.

Kimo grabs him again.

HEADBUTT!

Another!

Another!

Jet collapses against the turnbuckles.

Kimo backs away.

The referee checks Jet.

Kimo doesn't care.

He charges.

CANNONBALL!

Three hundred eighty-five pounds crushes Jet against the corner!

John Phillips: "JET LAWSON JUST DISAPPEARED!"

Kimo rolls away.

Jet slumps onto the canvas.

Kimo could cover.

He doesn't.

Instead, he looks toward Tyler.

Tyler is shouting for Jet.

Clapping.

Trying to get his partner moving.

Kimo points at him.

Kimo Fatu: "You."

Tyler stares back.

Kimo reaches down.

Grabs Jet by the wrist.
And drags him toward the Velocity Vanguard corner.
Mark Bravo: "What is Kimo doing?"
Kimo throws Jet toward Tyler.
Jet collapses against the turnbuckles.
Kimo points again.
Kimo Fatu: "Come."
The crowd reacts.
Tyler looks at his partner.
Jet is barely upright.
But Jet reaches out.
TAG!
Tyler enters.
Fast.
He ducks underneath Kimo's first swing!
Low kick!
Another!
Spinning kick to the ribs!
Kimo turns!
Tyler hits the ropes!
Springboard crossbody—
KIMO CATCHES HIM!
Tyler kicks his legs!
Kimo holds him like he weighs nothing.
Tyler fires elbows into the side of Kimo's head!
One!
Two!
Three!
Kimo's grip loosens!
Tyler slips behind!
SUPERKICK TO KIMO!
Kimo staggers!
Tyler hits another!

Kimo backs toward the ropes!

The crowd rises!

Mark Bravo: "Tyler Cruz is unloading!"

Tyler looks toward Jet.

Jet has dragged himself back onto the apron.

Tyler runs to him.

TAG!

Velocity Vanguard explodes into motion.

Tyler hits the ropes.

Jet climbs.

Tyler slides underneath Kimo!

Kimo turns—

Tyler catches him with a kick to the knee!

Kimo drops to one knee!

Jet springboards!

MISSILE DROPKICK!

Kimo falls backward!

The building pops!

John Phillips: "THEY GOT HIM DOWN!"

Jet covers!

ONE!

KIMO THROWS JET OFF!

Not kicks out.

Throws him off.

Jet rolls backward onto his knees.

He stares at Kimo.

Tyler stares at Kimo.

Kimo sits up.

Slowly.

His expression has changed.

John Phillips: "They made him mad."

Mark Bravo: "They also proved something. For a moment, Velocity Vanguard put Kimo Fatu on his back."

Kimo gets to his feet.

Tyler charges from the apron side—

Kimo catches him with a brutal palm strike!

Tyler flies off the apron and crashes to the floor!

Jet charges!

Kimo catches him around the waist!

SAMOAN DROP!

Jet bounces off the canvas!

Kimo rises immediately.

Keanu extends his hand.

Kimo tags him.

TAG!

Keanu enters.

Jet tries crawling toward his corner.

Tyler isn't there.

He's still down on the floor.

Keanu grabs Jet's ankle.

Jet kicks backward!

Keanu releases.

Jet scrambles up.

Enziguri!

It connects!

Keanu staggers!

Jet runs toward the ropes!

Springboard—

SUPERKICK!

Keanu catches Jet in midair!

Jet drops like a stone.

John Phillips: "He timed him out of the sky!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the difference between the brothers. Kimo overwhelms you. Keanu waits until he knows exactly where you're going to be."

Keanu kneels beside Jet.

He could cover.

Again...

He doesn't.

Instead, Keanu looks toward Kimo.

Kimo looks back.

One nod.

Keanu drags Jet upright.

He drives him into The PAS corner.

TAG!

Kimo enters.

Keanu grabs Jet.

Kimo hits the opposite ropes.

Keanu sends Jet forward—

Kimo nearly takes his head off with a lariat!

Jet flips backward and crashes onto the mat!

Mark Bravo: "That is what they were talking about earlier. This isn't just size. Watch the timing."

Kimo tags Keanu again.

TAG!

Keanu steps in.

Kimo pulls Jet upright.

Keanu drives a knee into Jet's stomach.

Kimo releases him.

Jet doubles over.

Keanu snaps him upright with an uppercut.

Kimo steps through the ropes before the referee's count reaches five.

Clean.

Efficient.

Relentless.

John Phillips: "That's scary."

Mark Bravo: "What is?"

John Phillips: "They're not cheating. They're not even bending the rules much. They're just dismantling these guys."

Tyler finally climbs back onto the apron.

He's shouting.

Tyler Cruz: "JET!"

Jet hears him.

Keanu pulls Jet up.

Jet suddenly fires an elbow!

Another!

Keanu swings!

Jet ducks!

Jet dives!

TAG!

The crowd erupts!

Tyler springboards into the ring!

Flying forearm catches Keanu!

Kimo enters!

Tyler ducks him!

Dropkick sends Kimo backward!

Keanu attacks!

Tyler rolls underneath!

Springboard kick catches Keanu in the jaw!

Keanu staggers!

Tyler runs!

Hands to the canvas!

Springboard off the ropes—

He twists through the air!

John Phillips: "CRUZ IS FLYING!"

Keanu catches him.

Everything stops.

Tyler's expression changes.

Keanu holds him across his chest.

Kimo steps back through the ropes.

The referee orders him out.

Kimo ignores him for exactly long enough.

Keanu throws Tyler upward—

Kimo catches him on the way down!

SAMOAN DROP!

Tyler crashes!

Kimo exits.

Keanu stands over Tyler.

Mark Bravo: "Velocity Vanguard keeps finding openings, but every opening lasts seconds."

John Phillips: "And every time The PAS close one, somebody gets hurt."

Keanu grabs Tyler by the head.

Tyler is barely standing.

Keanu backs him toward the corner.

TAG!

Kimo enters.

Jet sees it.

He knows what's happening.

Jet tries entering the ring!

The referee blocks him!

Jet shouts over the referee.

Kimo and Keanu stand on either side of Tyler.

Tyler looks left.

Kimo.

Right.

Keanu.

Tyler swings at Kimo!

Kimo absorbs it.

Tyler turns and swings at Keanu!

Keanu catches the wrist.

Tyler tries another shot!

Kimo catches that wrist.

The twins look at each other.

Then release Tyler.

Tyler stumbles backward.

He looks confused.

Kimo points toward him.

Kimo Fatu: "Stand."

Tyler's eyes narrow.

He throws himself at Kimo!

Kimo catches him—

URANAGI!

Tyler is planted!

Kimo could cover.

He doesn't.

The referee warns him.

Kimo looks toward Jet.

Jet is desperate for the tag.

Kimo reaches down.

Pulls Tyler toward his corner.

Again.

Mark Bravo: "They're doing it again."

John Phillips: "They're not trying to escape Velocity Vanguard's teamwork."

Mark Bravo: "They're inviting it."

Kimo throws Tyler toward Jet.

Tyler collapses into the corner.

Jet looks at him.

Tyler reaches upward.

TAG!

Jet enters.

He immediately charges Kimo!

Forearm!

Forearm!

Kick!

Jet hits the ropes!

Kimo swings!

Jet ducks!

Jet rebounds—

Keanu makes a blind tag!

TAG!

Jet doesn't see it!

He jumps onto Kimo!

Tornado DDT!

Kimo powers out halfway through!

Jet lands on his feet!

Kimo shoves him forward—

Right into Keanu.

SAMOAN SPIKE!

Keanu's thumb drives into Jet's throat!

Jet collapses instantly!

Tyler charges into the ring!

Kimo meets him.

SUPERKICK!

Tyler is blasted backward through the ropes and crashes to ringside!

Keanu looks down at Jet.

Kimo looks at Keanu.

They could end it.

Instead—

Keanu pulls Jet upright.

The crowd begins to buzz.

John Phillips: "Come on. He's done."

Kimo steps beside his brother.

Jet can barely stand between them.

Keanu holds him upright.

Kimo backs toward the ropes.

Mark Bravo: "I think The PAS want to leave an impression."

Kimo charges.

Keanu releases Jet at the exact instant—

LARIAT!

Jet is nearly folded in half!

Before he can even completely fall, Keanu catches him.

URANAGI!

Jet is driven into the canvas!

The crowd lets out a collective groan.

Keanu places one hand on Jet's chest.

The referee drops.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

Keanu removes his hand.

He stands.

No celebration.

No raised arms.

Kimo steps beside him.

The referee approaches.

Neither brother offers a hand to be raised.

The referee thinks better of insisting.

Mark Bravo: "The PAS win it. And that was emphatic."

John Phillips: "Velocity Vanguard did exactly what The Fatus asked for. They came here as a real team. They brought speed, combinations, double-team offense, and for brief moments they made Kimo and Keanu adjust."

Jet lies on the canvas.

Tyler has pulled himself onto the apron.

He looks toward his fallen partner.

Kimo looks down at Jet.

Then toward Tyler.

Tyler meets his eyes.

Kimo gives one small nod.

Not respect.

Not friendship.

Acknowledgment.

They tried.

Mark Bravo: "But look at the larger message here. The PAS didn't spend this match trying to prevent Velocity Vanguard from tagging."

John Phillips: "They practically demanded it."

Mark Bravo: "Because they didn't want to beat one member of Velocity Vanguard. They wanted to beat the team."

Kimo steps toward the hard camera.

Keanu joins him.

The brothers stand shoulder-to-shoulder.

Kimo looks directly into the lens.

Kimo Fatu: "One."

Keanu looks toward Tyler and Jet.

Keanu Fatu: "Next."

The crowd reacts.

Kimo raises one hand.

Not in victory.

A beckoning gesture.

Kimo Fatu: "Bring teams."

Keanu's eyes remain locked on the camera.

Keanu Fatu: "Build the division."

A beat.

Kimo Fatu: "We break it."

Their music hits.

John Phillips: "Well, there it is."

Mark Bravo: "The UTA Tag Team Championships remain vacant. But for the first time in quite a while, John, it feels like somebody is forcing the conversation about what happens to them."

The PAS step through the ropes.

They drop to the floor.

Neither looks back.

John Phillips: "Velocity Vanguard was the first test."

Kimo and Keanu begin walking up the ramp.

Behind them, Tyler enters the ring and checks on Jet.

John Phillips: "Apparently The PAS are accepting applications for number two."

Mark Bravo: "And if there are teams in that locker room who want those championships to mean something again, eventually somebody is going to have to answer."

The camera follows Kimo and Keanu toward the stage.

They reach the top.

Stop.

Turn.

The brothers look back at the ring.

At Velocity Vanguard.

At the entire UTA roster beyond them.

Keanu Fatu: "Path open."

Kimo stares toward the ring.

Kimo Fatu: "Come take it."

The PAS turn and disappear through the curtain.

The final shot remains on the ring.

Velocity Vanguard battered.

But together.

And somewhere beyond them...

Two vacant UTA Tag Team Championships waiting for a division strong enough to fight over them.

The Dishonor of Sinja

Segment

The broadcast cuts backstage.

The camera settles inside Hakuryu's private locker room.

There is no television playing tonight.

No tournament highlights.

No music.

Nothing.

The UTA United States Championship sits prominently on a table beneath a single overhead light.

Standing beside it is Hakuryu.

His back is turned toward the camera.

Several feet behind him, Sinja kneels on the floor with his head bowed.

For once, the usually smug disciple has nothing clever to say.

Sinja: "Master..."

Hakuryu doesn't move.

Sinja: "I have failed you."

Silence.

Sinja: "There is no excuse for what happened. I miscalculated. I allowed circumstances beyond the match to distract me from my responsibility to you, and because of my mistake—"

Hakuryu remains completely motionless.

Sinja lowers his head further.

Sinja: "Please forgive me."

Nothing.

Sinja: "Master Hakuryu... I beg for your forgiveness."

Hakuryu finally turns around.

The expression on his face isn't rage.

It's disgust.

Hakuryu: ??????????

Sinja freezes.

Hakuryu slowly approaches him.

Hakuryu: ??????????????

Sinja swallows hard before translating.

Sinja: "Do not beg for forgiveness."

He hesitates.

Hakuryu stares down at him.

Sinja forces himself to continue.

Sinja: "Master says... only the weak beg for forgiveness."

Hakuryu's expression hardens.

Hakuryu: ???

Sinja looks toward the floor.

Sinja: "I am his disciple."

Sinja: "I carry his name."

Sinja: "And when someone who carries Hakuryu's name makes a mistake..."

Sinja pauses.

Sinja: "He does not cry."

Sinja: "He does not beg."

Sinja: "He corrects it."

Hakuryu walks past Sinja and stops beside the United States Championship.

Hakuryu: ??????????????????????????????

Sinja's face tightens.

Sinja: "Because of my miscalculation..."

Sinja: "Hakuryu is no longer in the Ring King Tournament."

Hakuryu looks directly into the camera.

Hakuryu: ??????????????????????????

Sinja: "And because of that mistake, someone unworthy will eventually stand at the end of this tournament and call themselves Ring King."

Sinja: "Someone will celebrate."

Sinja: "Someone will hold their arms above their head."

Sinja: "Someone will convince themselves that they conquered UTA's best."

Hakuryu scoffs.

Sinja: "But whoever wins Ring King will know the truth."

Sinja: "They didn't defeat Hakuryu."

Sinja: "They survived a tournament from which Hakuryu was removed."

Sinja: "There is a difference."

Hakuryu suddenly turns toward Sinja.

Hakuryu: ????????????????????

Sinja's eyes widen slightly.

Sinja: "But that..."

Sinja: "wasn't my only failure."

Hakuryu takes another step toward him.

Hakuryu: ??????????

The name hangs in the air.

Hakuryu: ????????????????????

Sinja: "Jed Eye."

Sinja: "His very presence was an insult."

Sinja: "He appeared where he was not wanted."

Sinja: "He inserted himself into Hakuryu's business."

Sinja: "He showed disrespect to the United States Champion."

Hakuryu points at Sinja.

Hakuryu: ??????????????????????

Sinja slowly nods.

Sinja: "And I failed to deal with him."

Hakuryu's voice grows colder.

Hakuryu: ??????????????????

Sinja: "That was my first disgrace."

Hakuryu steps closer.

Hakuryu: ??

Sinja's voice becomes quieter.

Sinja: "Instead of correcting that failure..."

Sinja: "I created another."

Hakuryu's eyes narrow.

Hakuryu: ??????????????????????????????

Sinja struggles to say the translation.

Hakuryu immediately barks at him.

Hakuryu: ???!?

Sinja snaps his head upward.

Sinja: "Because of me..."

Sinja: "Master Hakuryu lost to an opponent he considers beneath him."

Hakuryu stares down at his disciple.

Hakuryu: ?????

Sinja looks confused.

Hakuryu: ?????????????

Hakuryu points directly at Sinja's chest.

Hakuryu: ?????????????

Sinja's face falls.

Sinja: "Correction."

Sinja: "Hakuryu says he did not lose."

Sinja: "I..."

A long pause.

Sinja: "I caused Hakuryu to lose."

Hakuryu nods.

There is something almost cruelly satisfied about forcing Sinja to admit it himself.

Hakuryu: ?????????????????

Sinja: "Jed Eye dishonored my master."

Hakuryu: ?????????????????????

Sinja: "I failed to stop him."

Hakuryu: ?????????????????????

Sinja closes his eyes.

Sinja: "And ultimately..."

Sinja: "I dishonored Master Hakuryu myself."

Silence fills the room again.

Hakuryu retrieves the United States Championship and places it over his shoulder.

Hakuryu: ?????????????

Sinja translates carefully.

Sinja: "Disrespect from an enemy can be forgiven."

Hakuryu looks directly at him.

Hakuryu: ?????????????????

Sinja's expression changes immediately.

Sinja: "Disrespect from a disciple..."

Sinja: "cannot."

Hakuryu crouches so that he is eye-to-eye with Sinja.

His voice becomes almost a whisper.

Hakuryu: ??????????????

Sinja: "So stop asking for forgiveness."

Hakuryu: ??????????

Sinja: "Restore your honor."

Hakuryu: ??????????????????????

Sinja: "Fix the problem you created."

Hakuryu stands.

Hakuryu: ??????????

Sinja slowly rises to his feet.

For the first time, the fear disappears from his expression.

Hakuryu continues.

Hakuryu: ??????????????????????

Sinja nods.

Sinja: "Jed Eye..."

Sinja: "Master Hakuryu has given me my opportunity to restore what I damaged."

Sinja: "I am to make Jed Eye regret ever crossing the path of the White Dragon."

Hakuryu turns away.

Sinja thinks the conversation is over.

Then Hakuryu stops.

Hakuryu: ????????

Sinja immediately straightens.

Sinja: "Yes, Master?"

Hakuryu slowly looks over his shoulder.

Hakuryu: ??????????????.....??

He pauses.

Hakuryu: ??????????????????????

Sinja doesn't translate immediately.

His face tells the story.

Hakuryu waits.

Sinja finally forces the words out.

Sinja: "If I disappoint him again..."

Sinja: "Jed Eye will no longer be the man who needs to fear the wrath of the White Dragon."

Sinja looks toward Hakuryu.

Sinja: "I will."

Hakuryu steps directly in front of his disciple.

Hakuryu: ????????????

Sinja: "Restore my honor."

Hakuryu: ????????????

Sinja: "Restore your honor."

Hakuryu's eyes narrow.

Hakuryu: ????????????????????

Sinja takes a deep breath.

Sinja: "Or lose everything."

Hakuryu walks past him toward the locker-room door.

Sinja remains standing in place.

Hakuryu stops without turning around.

Hakuryu: ????????????

Sinja lowers his head one final time.

Sinja: "Failure will not be tolerated."

Hakuryu exits.

The door slams shut.

Sinja remains alone.

He slowly raises his head toward the camera.

The familiar smugness is gone.

Something much darker has replaced it.

Sinja: "Jed Eye..."

Sinja: "You dishonored my master."

Sinja: "I failed to stop you."

Sinja: "And because of that failure, I dishonored him too."

Sinja: "There will be no apology."

Sinja: "There will be no second mistake."

Sinja: "There will only be correction."

Sinja walks toward the camera.

Sinja: "My honor will be restored..."

Sinja: "at your expense."

CUT TO BLACK.

Next Week

Segment

Inside the First Class dressing room, everything is exactly as you'd expect.

Too expensive.

Too comfortable.

Too deliberately arranged to make sure everyone knows who this room belongs to.

Maxwell Jett sits back in a leather chair, one ankle resting over the opposite knee.

Across from him, Jacoby Jacobs and Darian Darrington are settled in nearby, both listening while Maxwell talks.

Maxwell Jett: "Next week."

He leans forward slightly.

Maxwell Jett: "Kirsty McKinney."

A small smirk.

Maxwell Jett: "Cute story."

Maxwell Jett: "She survives Hakuryu, everybody loses their minds, suddenly she's Cinderella and the whole tournament is supposed to stop and applaud."

Maxwell shakes his head.

Maxwell Jett: "Except there's a problem."

He taps himself in the chest.

Maxwell Jett: "She's got me."

Jacoby grins.

Darian leans against the edge of a table.

Maxwell Jett: "And I don't care how inspiring her little run has been."

Maxwell Jett: "Next week, I beat Kirsty McKinney."

Maxwell Jett: "I move on to round three."

Maxwell Jett: "Then I keep moving until there's nobody left between me and Ring King."

He sits back again, completely at ease.

Maxwell Jett: "Simple."

Jacoby and Darian exchange a quick look.

Not obvious.

But Maxwell catches it.

Maxwell Jett: "What?"

Jacoby hesitates for just a second.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Is he gonna be here next week?"

The smile on Maxwell's face fades.

Not because he's angry.

Because the question is unnecessary.

Maxwell Jett: "No."

A beat.

Maxwell Jett: "No, no."

He waves it away.

Maxwell Jett: "Not yet."

Darian watches him carefully.

Darian Darrington: "You sure?"

Maxwell looks toward him.

Maxwell Jett: "He's not needed."

That lands differently.

Jacoby nods slowly.

Darian does the same.

Maxwell leans forward again.

Maxwell Jett: "Kirsty McKinney doesn't require reinforcements."

Maxwell Jett: "She requires a reality check."

Maxwell Jett: "And I am more than capable of handling that myself."

He reaches for a glass on the table beside him.

Maxwell Jett: "When the time comes..."

He pauses.

Jacoby and Darian both look at him.

Maxwell takes a drink.

Maxwell Jett: "...he'll be here."

Another pause.

Maxwell Jett: "Until then?"

The smirk returns.

Maxwell Jett: "First Class is doing just fine."

Jacoby grins.

Jacoby Jacobs: "More than fine."

Darian Darrington: "Top of the class."

Maxwell points toward him.

Maxwell Jett: "Exactly."

He settles back into the chair.

Maxwell Jett: "Next week, Kirsty learns that."

The camera holds on the three members of First Class.

But just before the shot cuts away...

Jacoby glances toward the dressing-room door.

Only for a second.

Then back to Maxwell.

CUT.

Bianca Page vs. Sol Azteca

Match

The camera returns to ringside.

The Ring King crown hangs prominently above the entrance stage.

On the video wall, the tournament bracket fills the screen.

Eight names remain.

Then two of them separate from the rest.

BIANCA PAGE

VS.

SOL AZTECA

The graphic changes.

RING KING — ROUND TWO

WINNER ADVANCES TO THE FINAL FOUR

The crowd begins to rise.

Mark Bravo: "Here we go. The first match of the second round, and from this point forward there is no such thing as simply advancing."

John Phillips: "Win tonight, you're one of four. That's it. Four people left between you and becoming the 2026 Ring King."

The lights shift.

Then—

The opening beat of "Gasolina (Instrumental)" hits.

The reaction comes quickly.

Sol Azteca bursts through the curtain.

Already moving.

Already clapping.

Already pulling Atlanta into her rhythm.

Sol points toward one side of State Farm Arena.

Then the other.

She spins once at the top of the stage before throwing both hands above her head and clapping with the beat.

The crowd joins her.

John Phillips: "Twenty-one years old, Mark."

Mark Bravo: "And three victories away from winning the entire tournament."

Sol starts down the ramp.

Quick footwork.

Light on her feet.

She moves from side to side, slapping hands along the barricade without ever really stopping.

The mask catches the arena lights as she moves.

Mark Bravo: "Sol Azteca came into this tournament through the qualifying round. Then in round one, she defeated Selina Santorino clean in the middle of this ring."

John Phillips: "And afterward, when Katy Winters talked to her, there were no excuses, no distractions, no talk about anybody else. Sol wanted to talk about wrestling."

Mark Bravo: "That's what makes this match interesting. Bianca Page surrounds herself with noise. Sol Azteca seems to get more dangerous the quieter everything becomes."

Sol reaches ringside.

She makes one quick turn around the ring, continuing to slap hands.

Then she reaches the apron.

Slides beneath the bottom rope—

And springs immediately to her feet.

One fluid motion.

Sol runs toward the corner.

Up she goes.

She throws both arms wide.

The crowd responds.

Ring Announcer: "The following contest is a Ring King Tournament second-round match!"

The crowd cheers.

Ring Announcer: "Introducing first..."

Sol drops from the turnbuckles.

Ring Announcer: "From Puebla, Mexico..."

Another reaction.

Ring Announcer: "...fighting by way of the Sendai Girls Dojo in Sendai, Japan..."

Sol moves toward the center of the ring.

Ring Announcer: "Weighing in at one hundred thirty pounds..."

Sol raises one fist.

Ring Announcer: "SOOOOOOLLLLLLL... AZTECAAAAAA!"

The crowd answers.

Sol turns toward them one final time.

She claps.

They clap back.

She points toward the crowd.

Then something changes.

The music continues.

The energy doesn't disappear.

Sol simply stops giving it away.

Her arms lower.

Her shoulders settle.

Her breathing slows.

The bounce in her step becomes controlled movement.

She adjusts her footing.

Rolls one shoulder.

Then the other.

Her eyes move toward the entranceway.

Focused.

Mark Bravo: "Watch her right there."

John Phillips: "Completely different person."

Mark Bravo: "That's Sol Azteca. Before the bell, she lets herself feel everything. The music. The people. The moment."

Sol shifts her stance.

Never completely stationary.

Mark Bravo: "Then it's time to fight."

The tournament graphic appears in the lower corner of the broadcast.

RING KING — ROUND TWO

BIANCA PAGE vs. SOL AZTECA

WINNER ADVANCES TO SEMIFINAL

John Phillips: "And Bianca Page might be the most dangerous opponent Sol has faced since coming to UTA."

Mark Bravo: "Absolutely. Bianca is experienced, opportunistic, vicious when she needs to be, and she's already shown throughout this tournament that she has absolutely no problem taking an opening however it presents itself."

Sol continues watching the entranceway.

John Phillips: "She also has Ace Andrews."

Mark Bravo: "Exactly."

A beat.

Mark Bravo: "Sol Azteca survived Selina Santorino."

The camera tightens on Sol's masked face.

Mark Bravo: "Now she has to survive Class."

Sol rolls her neck once.

Sets her feet.

And waits for Bianca Page.

Sol Azteca remains in the ring.

Still moving lightly on the balls of her feet.

Still watching the stage.

Then the arena speakers hit with the opening of "Wildest Dreams" by Taylor Swift.

The reaction changes immediately.

Boos pour through State Farm Arena.

Sol doesn't react.

She simply watches.

A moment later—

"CLASSY" BIANCA PAGE fills the video wall.

And Bianca Page emerges through the curtain.

She stops at the top of the entranceway.

Not because she's soaking in the moment.

Because she's allowing Atlanta the opportunity to look at her.

A broad smile spreads across Bianca's face as she surveys the arena.

The boos grow louder.

Bianca lifts one hand to her mouth.

And blows the crowd a kiss.

The response gets even worse.

Bianca smiles wider.

Then Ace Andrews steps through the curtain behind her.

Custom-fitted suit.

Perfectly composed.

That familiar smug expression of a man who looks less like he's accompanying someone to a wrestling match and more like he's overseeing an extremely profitable acquisition.

Ace comes alongside Bianca.

He looks toward the ring.

His eyes settle on Sol Azteca.

Then he leans toward Bianca and says something away from the camera.

Bianca never takes her eyes off Sol.

She simply nods.

Mark Bravo: "And there is the difference immediately. Sol Azteca came through that curtain and connected with every person she could find. Bianca Page comes through it expecting every person in the building to connect with her."

John Phillips: "Well, according to Bianca, that's because she's the most important person in the building."

Mark Bravo: "According to Bianca, she's the most important person in most buildings."

Bianca begins walking down the aisle.

Ace follows beside her, slightly behind.

Bianca's pace is unhurried.

Confident.

She doesn't slap hands.

Doesn't acknowledge the people reaching over the barricade.

At one point, a fan gives her a very enthusiastic thumbs-down.

Bianca looks at him.

Looks at the thumb.

Then gives him another blown kiss.

John Phillips: "And let's not forget how Bianca Page got here. Lindsey Lothario pushed her in the first round, but Ace Andrews created the opening that ultimately helped Bianca advance."

The camera finds Ace.

He hears the commentary through the arena.

He smiles.

Mark Bravo: "That's the concern for Sol Azteca tonight. Bianca Page is dangerous enough by herself. She's experienced. She's cerebral. She's opportunistic. And then you put a man like Ace Andrews at ringside."

John Phillips: "Fourteen-time World Champion. Three-time Hall of Famer. He's forgotten more tricks than most

wrestlers ever learn."

Mark Bravo: "And he has no moral objection whatsoever to teaching Bianca every single one of them."

Bianca reaches ringside.

She stops.

Looks into the ring.

Sol is waiting.

Bianca's smile remains.

Sol doesn't smile back.

For the first time, the two women stare directly at one another.

Bianca tilts her head.

Almost studying Sol.

Then—

A slight twirl.

Bianca turns toward the steps.

Ace extends one arm toward them like he's directing royalty toward a throne.

John Phillips: "Look at this."

Mark Bravo: "What?"

John Phillips: "Ace is presenting her."

Mark Bravo: "That's because Ace Andrews doesn't manage confidence. He manufactures it."

Bianca climbs the ring steps.

She reaches the apron.

Stops.

Then looks directly at the referee.

She gestures toward the ropes.

The referee pauses.

Bianca gestures again.

More insistently.

The referee finally holds the ropes apart.

Bianca smiles.

Of course.

She steps through.

Ace applauds from the floor.

Bianca walks directly toward the center of the ring and raises both arms out to her sides.

The boos continue.

She slowly turns.

Taking them all in.

Ring Announcer: "And her opponent..."

Bianca lowers her arms.

Ring Announcer: "Accompanied to the ring by Ace Andrews..."

Ace gives the crowd a small, obnoxiously dignified wave.

Ring Announcer: "From Naples, Florida, by way of New York City..."

Bianca lifts her chin.

Ring Announcer: "Weighing in at one hundred thirty pounds..."

Ace points toward her.

Ring Announcer: "She is..."

A pause.

Ring Announcer: "CLAAAASSSSSY..."

Bianca spreads her arms again.

Ring Announcer: "BIIIIIIANCAAAAAAA PAAAAAAGE!"

Bianca turns toward Sol.

Then smiles.

Slowly.

Condescendingly.

Sol remains completely expressionless behind the mask.

Bianca walks toward her.

The referee immediately moves between them.

Bianca stops.

Looks down at the referee.

Then around him at Sol.

She gives Sol a tiny wave.

Sol answers by taking one step forward.

Bianca immediately takes one step backward.

Still smiling.

Like that was exactly what she wanted.

Ace reaches Bianca's corner and says something through the ropes.

Bianca turns toward him.

Ace taps his temple.

Then points toward Sol.

Bianca nods.

Mark Bravo: "There's the game within the game. Bianca doesn't need to be faster than Sol Azteca. She doesn't need to match her movement. She needs to make Sol wrestle Bianca Page's match."

John Phillips: "And Ace Andrews will spend every second out there trying to make sure she does."

The broadcast briefly cuts to the tournament bracket.

SOL AZTECA

vs.

BIANCA PAGE

An empty semifinal position waits beside them.

Mark Bravo: "Think about what is at stake here."

The camera returns to the ring.

Sol in one corner.

Bianca in the other.

Ace outside.

Mark Bravo: "Sixteen people entered Ring King."

Bianca stretches against the ropes.

Mark Bravo: "Eight survived."

Sol rolls her shoulders.

Mark Bravo: "And one of these two women is about to become the first member of the final four."

Ace reaches through the ropes.

Bianca takes his hand.

He says one final thing to her.

She nods.

Then releases him.

The music fades.

Bianca's smile fades with it.

For all the posing.

For all the arrogance.

For all the Class.

What's left underneath is a woman who knows exactly how important the next few minutes are.

Sol sees it too.

The referee looks to Bianca.

Ready.

Then Sol.

Ready.

Ace backs away from the apron.

John Phillips: "One of them leaves Atlanta three victories from the throne."

Mark Bravo: "No, John."

A beat.

Mark Bravo: "The winner leaves Atlanta two victories from it."

The camera pulls wide.

Mark Bravo: "This is the quarterfinals."

The referee signals for the bell.

RING KING 2026 — QUARTERFINAL

BIANCA PAGE vs. SOL AZTECA

The bell rings.

Neither woman moves immediately.

Bianca Page stands in her corner, one hand holding the top rope.

Sol Azteca stands across from her.

Ace Andrews watches from the floor.

And for several seconds, the three of them simply study one another.

The crowd begins to clap.

Slowly at first.

Then faster.

Sol steps forward.

Bianca does the same.

Mark Bravo: "Here we go. One of these women is about to become the first semifinalist in the 2026 Ring King tournament."

John Phillips: "And this may be one of the most evenly matched contests we've seen in this tournament. Different personalities. Different approaches. But there is a tremendous amount of ability standing in that ring."

They circle.

Bianca reaches.

Sol reaches with her.

Collar-and-elbow tie-up.

Neither immediately gives ground.

Bianca shifts her hips and turns Sol into a side headlock.

Sol reaches around the waist.
Bianca widens her base.
Sol tries to pull her backward.
Bianca holds on.
Sol changes direction instead, pushing Bianca toward the ropes.
Bianca rebounds.
Sol drops down.
Bianca steps over.
Off the opposite side.
Sol leapfrogs.
Bianca continues through.
Sol turns—
ARM DRAG!
Bianca rolls through it immediately.
Back to her feet.
Sol comes forward.
Bianca catches the arm—
ARM DRAG OF HER OWN!
Sol rolls through.
Both women rise.
They charge.
Sol ducks a clothesline.
Bianca ducks a spinning kick.
They hit opposite ropes.
Both come back—
And stop.
Face-to-face.
The crowd applauds.
Bianca looks around.
Then back at Sol.
She gives her a sarcastic little clap.
Sol responds with a nod.
John Phillips: "Okay."

Mark Bravo: "That opening exchange told us quite a bit."

John Phillips: "Including that neither woman is going to walk through the other."

They circle again.

This time Bianca shoots low.

Waistlock.

Sol immediately grabs the hands.

Bianca tries to take her down.

Sol blocks.

Switch.

Now Sol has Bianca around the waist.

Bianca reaches back for the head.

Sol ducks underneath.

Hammerlock.

Bianca rolls forward.

Comes up.

Reverses the wrist.

Sol rolls with the pressure.

Kips up.

Reverses it again.

Bianca's expression changes.

Just slightly.

Sol cranks the wrist.

Bianca somersaults forward.

Then backward.

She twists underneath Sol's arm and reverses the hold.

Now Bianca has Sol's wrist.

And Bianca smiles.

Mark Bravo: "This is what sometimes gets lost underneath Bianca Page's personality. She can wrestle."

John Phillips: "Absolutely. You don't accumulate the résumé Bianca Page has accumulated by just being obnoxious."

Mark Bravo: "It helps."

John Phillips: "Apparently."

Bianca pulls Sol toward her.

Sol rolls through.

Cartwheels.

Breaks Bianca's grip.

Dropkick!

Bianca hits the mat.

Sol covers immediately.

ONE!

Bianca kicks out.

Both women rise.

Bianca swings.

Sol catches the arm.

Another arm drag sends Bianca across the ring.

Bianca comes up quickly—

Sol catches her again!

Deep arm drag!

This time Sol hangs on.

Armbar.

Bianca's legs immediately begin working.

She turns her body.

Gets a knee underneath herself.

Then another.

Sol keeps the arm trapped.

Bianca gets vertical.

She drives a forearm into Sol's ribs.

Another.

A third breaks the hold.

Bianca grabs Sol by the head.

SNAP DDT—

No!

Sol spins out!

Waistlock!

Bianca throws an elbow backward.

Sol ducks.

Bianca turns—

LOW KICK FROM SOL!

Another!

Bianca retreats toward the ropes.

Sol follows.

Bianca suddenly reaches through the ropes.

Referee: "Break!"

Sol immediately stops.

She backs away.

Bianca stays between the ropes for another second.

Then slowly steps back inside.

Ace Andrews applauds from ringside.

John Phillips: "And there's the first little change in tempo."

Mark Bravo: "Smart."

John Phillips: "You approving of Bianca?"

Mark Bravo: "I'm approving of intelligence. Sol was beginning to dictate the pace. Bianca stopped it. There's nothing illegal about using the ropes to force a break."

Ace calls something toward Bianca.

Bianca looks at him.

He makes a downward motion with both hands.

Slow it down.

Bianca nods.

She turns back toward Sol.

Another lockup.

This time Bianca immediately drives a knee into the stomach.

The crowd boos.

Bianca clubs Sol across the upper back.

Whip into the ropes.

Sol rebounds.

Bianca catches her—

HIP TOSS!

Sol lands hard.

Bianca follows with a quick elbow drop.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO—

Sol kicks out.

Bianca doesn't complain.

Instead she immediately grabs Sol's arm and pulls her back to the mat.

Shoulder pressed down.

Wrist controlled.

Bianca drives a knee into the shoulder.

Sol grimaces.

Bianca does it again.

Mark Bravo: "And there's Bianca changing the match."

John Phillips: "Sol wants movement. Bianca wants control."

Bianca twists the arm behind Sol's back.

Sol begins working upward.

Bianca presses down.

Sol gets one foot underneath herself.

Then the other.

She rolls forward.

Bianca keeps the wrist.

Sol flips through—

And catches Bianca with a kick to the side of the head!

Bianca staggers.

Sol springs to her feet.

Bianca charges.

Sol sidesteps.

Bianca hits the ropes.

Sol catches her coming back—

TILT-A-WHIRL!

Bianca goes flying across the ring!

The crowd comes alive.

Bianca scrambles up.

Sol charges—

Bianca moves!

Sol catches herself against the turnbuckles.

Bianca rushes in.

Sol slips through the ropes onto the apron.

Bianca swings.

Sol ducks.

Shoulder through the ropes!

Bianca doubles over.

Sol grabs the top rope.

SPRINGBOARD—

Bianca moves!

Sol lands on her feet.

Turns—

SWANKY!

The superkick catches Sol flush!

Sol collapses.

Bianca dives onto her.

ONE!

TWO!

Sol kicks out!

Bianca sits up.

She looks at the referee.

Two.

She doesn't argue.

Not yet.

Ace points toward Sol.

Ace Andrews: "Stay on her!"

Bianca does.

She pulls Sol upright.

Forearm.

Another.

Sol fires one back.

Bianca answers.

Sol again.

Bianca again.

Now they're trading them.

The crowd begins reacting with every strike.

BIANCA!

SOL!

BIANCA!

SOL!

Sol lands two in succession.

Bianca responds with a knee.

Sol doubles over.

Bianca hooks the head.

SNAP DDT!

This time she gets it.

Sol spikes into the canvas.

Bianca rolls her over.

ONE!

TWO!

Sol gets the shoulder up.

Bianca exhales.

Ace claps once.

Ace Andrews: "Good. Again."

Bianca looks toward him.

He taps his temple.

Bianca nods.

John Phillips: "This is a different Bianca Page than the woman we saw in the opening minute."

Mark Bravo: "Because she figured something out. She doesn't have to outrun Sol. She has to keep Sol from running."

Bianca pulls Sol up.

Irish whip.

Sol reverses.

Bianca hits the corner.

Sol charges—

Bianca gets both boots up!

Sol staggers backward.

Bianca climbs quickly to the second rope.

She launches—

Sol catches her!

Bianca immediately throws elbows!

Sol loses the grip.

Bianca lands behind her.

Sol turns—

RIGHT STUFF!

The discus clothesline turns Sol inside out!

Bianca hooks both legs.

ONE!

TWO!

TH—

NO!

Sol kicks out!

Now Bianca reacts.

She sits upright and stares at the referee.

Two fingers are held up.

Bianca shakes her head.

Bianca Page: "That was three."

The referee disagrees.

Bianca turns toward Ace.

Ace holds up two fingers.

Even he isn't going to argue it.

Bianca's eyes narrow.

She looks down at Sol.

The smile is gone.

Mark Bravo: "That's the first time tonight I've seen Bianca Page genuinely frustrated."

John Phillips: "Because she knows how good Sol Azteca is. Bianca isn't treating this like some exhibition anymore."

Bianca grabs Sol by the hair and pulls her upright.

The referee immediately warns her.

Bianca releases the hair.

Then drives a forearm into Sol's face.

Sol stumbles into the corner.

Bianca follows.

Shoulder to the abdomen.

Another.

Another.

Bianca backs away.

Charges—

Sol explodes out of the corner!

RUNNING FOREARM!

Bianca goes down!

Sol hits the ropes.

Bianca rises—

DROP KICK!

Bianca hits the mat again.

Sol doesn't stop.

Bianca gets up.

Another kick to the leg.

Forearm.

Spinning back kick to the body!

Bianca doubles over.

Sol hits the ropes—

Bianca catches her!

Sol spins around the body!

COUNTER!

She takes Bianca down!

Sol hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

Bianca kicks out!

Both women scramble up.

Bianca swings.

Sol ducks.

Sol swings.

Bianca ducks.

Bianca attempts another Swanky—

Sol catches the foot!

Bianca hops once.

ENZUIGIRI!

Sol releases.

Bianca lands awkwardly but stays upright.

Sol rebounds off the ropes—

SPEAR FROM BIANCA!

Sol is folded in half!

Bianca covers!

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

SOL KICKS OUT!

The arena erupts.

Bianca rolls onto her back.

She stares at the lights.

Ace Andrews looks toward the ring with his hands on his hips.

For the first time tonight, even Ace doesn't immediately have an instruction.

John Phillips: "That was close!"

Mark Bravo: "Very close."

John Phillips: "And we're seeing exactly why these two women made it through the opening round. Bianca has answered Sol's speed. Sol has survived Bianca's power shots. Neither one has been able to create separation."

Bianca sits up.

Across from her, Sol slowly pushes herself onto her knees.

They look at each other.

Both breathing harder now.

Both feeling the match.

Bianca rises first.

Sol follows.

They meet in the center.

Bianca throws a forearm.

Sol answers.

Bianca.

Sol.

Bianca.

Sol.

The shots get harder.

Less technical.

Less measured.

Bianca lands one that rocks Sol.

Sol answers with one that rocks Bianca.

Bianca smiles.

Not the condescending smile from before.

A competitive one.

Sol gives her a small nod.

Bianca hits her again.

Sol hits her back.

And now they start throwing.

Mark Bravo: "There it is."

John Phillips: "What?"

Mark Bravo: "Respect."

Bianca cracks Sol across the jaw.

Sol fires back.

Mark Bravo: "Bianca Page may never say it."

Another exchange.

Mark Bravo: "But she knows exactly how good Sol Azteca is."

Sol lands a kick.

Bianca answers with a forearm.

Mark Bravo: "And Sol knows exactly how good Bianca Page is."

Another forearm.

Another kick.

Neither backs away.

John Phillips: "Then somebody better figure out how to be better."

Bianca and Sol collide again in the center of the ring.

And the fight continues.

Bianca and Sol continue trading in the center of the ring.

Forearm from Bianca.

Sol answers.

Bianca again.

Sol fires back harder.

Bianca staggers half a step.

Sol immediately attacks the leg.

THUD!

A low kick catches Bianca across the thigh.

Another.

Bianca tries to answer with a forearm—

Sol ducks underneath.

Kick to the opposite leg!

Bianca stumbles.

Sol hits the ropes.

Bianca anticipates her—

But Sol changes direction!

She springs off the middle rope—

CROSSBODY!

Bianca goes down!

Sol hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

Bianca kicks out!

Sol is immediately back up.

Bianca follows—

And eats a dropkick!

Bianca tumbles backward through the ropes!

She lands on the floor beside Ace Andrews.

The crowd rises.

Sol sees her.

Ace sees Sol seeing her.

Ace Andrews: "Bianca!"

Bianca turns.

Too late.

Sol hits the opposite ropes.

She races across the ring—

SUICIDE DIVE!

Bianca is driven backward into the barricade!

Sol lands hard on the floor but immediately pushes herself back up.

State Farm Arena erupts.

John Phillips: "SOL AZTECA TAKES FLIGHT!"

Mark Bravo: "That's exactly what Bianca has spent this match trying to prevent!"

Sol grabs Bianca.

Rolls her underneath the bottom rope.

Sol climbs onto the apron.

Bianca slowly rises.

Sol grabs the top rope.

SPRINGBOARD—

Bianca dives at the ropes!

Sol loses her footing!

She crashes awkwardly onto the apron!

The referee immediately turns toward Bianca.

Bianca raises both hands.

Bianca Page: "What?!"

Bianca Page: "I slipped!"

The crowd boos.

Ace Andrews looks positively offended anyone would suggest otherwise.

John Phillips: "Oh, come on!"

Mark Bravo: "She never touched Sol."

John Phillips: "She hit the ropes!"

Mark Bravo: "Which, last I checked, are part of the wrestling ring."

John Phillips: "You know exactly what she did."

Mark Bravo: "Of course I do. I'm saying it was smart."

Sol is down on the apron.

One hand reaches toward her lower leg.

Bianca notices.

So does Ace.

Ace points.

Bianca doesn't need anything else.

She reaches over the top rope.

Grabs Sol.

And pulls her back into the ring.

Sol tries to stand.

Bianca immediately kicks the leg out from underneath her.

Sol drops.

Bianca grabs the ankle.

DRAGON SCREW!

Sol twists violently into the canvas.

Bianca keeps hold of the leg.

Another Dragon Screw!

Sol grabs her knee.

John Phillips: "And just like that, Bianca has a target."

Mark Bravo: "That's what separates good wrestlers from great wrestlers. Something changes during the match, you recognize it before your opponent can adjust."

Bianca drags Sol toward the ropes.

She places Sol's leg across the bottom rope.

Then jumps—

DOWN ACROSS THE KNEE!

Sol cries out.

The referee warns Bianca.

Bianca backs away.

Hands raised.

She looks toward Ace.

Ace gives her a small nod.

Exactly right.

Bianca grabs Sol's leg again.

Sol kicks at her with the other foot.

Bianca avoids it.

Sol kicks again.

Bianca catches that leg too.

Sol is trapped.

Bianca smiles.

Then stomps directly into the injured knee.

Sol rolls away.

Bianca Page: "Where are you going?"

Bianca follows her.

Sol reaches the corner.

Uses the ropes to pull herself upright.

Bianca charges—

Sol gets an elbow up!

Bianca staggers.

Sol comes out—

Her leg buckles.

Bianca immediately catches her.

BACKBREAKER!

Sol folds across Bianca's knee.

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Sol kicks out.

Bianca hooks the leg again.

ONE!

TWO!

Another kickout.

Bianca immediately rolls Sol over.

She grabs the bad leg.

Sol realizes what's coming.

She scrambles.

Bianca pulls her backward.

Sol reaches for the ropes.

Too far.

Bianca steps through—

Sol twists!

SMALL PACKAGE!

ONE!

TWO!

BIANCA ESCAPES!

Both women scramble up.

Bianca charges—

Sol catches her!

INSIDE CRADLE!

ONE!

TWO!

BIANCA OUT AGAIN!

Bianca rises first.

Sol tries to follow.

Bianca kicks the knee!

Sol collapses.

Bianca Page: "Enough!"

Bianca grabs Sol around the waist.

Pulls her up.

GERMAN SUPLEX!

Sol lands high across the shoulders.

Bianca maintains the waistlock.

She drags Sol back up.

SECOND GERMAN SUPLEX!

Again she hangs on.

The crowd begins making noise.

Bianca pulls Sol upright for a third—

Sol throws an elbow.

Another!

Another!

Bianca loses her grip.

Sol spins around.

ROUNDHOUSE—

Bianca ducks!

Sol's momentum carries her around.

Her bad leg gives underneath her!

Bianca grabs her from behind!

GERMAN SUPLEX!

Bridge!

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

SOL GETS A SHOULDER UP!

Bianca releases the bridge and sits upright.

She runs both hands through her hair.

Ace claps from the floor.

Ace Andrews: "She's breaking!"

Bianca looks toward him.

Ace Andrews: "Don't let her breathe!"

Bianca nods.

Mark Bravo: "Ace Andrews sees what Bianca sees. Sol's still surviving, but she hasn't been able to sustain any offense since that fall on the apron."

John Phillips: "And Bianca has been relentless since."

Bianca pulls Sol upright.

She talks to her now.

Bianca Page: "You're good."

Forearm.

Bianca Page: "Really."

Another forearm.

Bianca Page: "You are."

Another.

Sol drops to one knee.

Bianca grabs her chin.

Bianca Page: "I'm better."

Bianca hits the ropes.

Sol suddenly explodes upward—

SPINNING HEEL KICK!

Bianca goes down!

So does Sol!

The crowd erupts.

John Phillips: "Maybe don't tell her she's finished until she's finished!"

Both women are down.

The referee begins checking them.

Ace pounds the apron.

Ace Andrews: "Get up, Bianca!"

Sol rolls onto her stomach.

Bianca does the same.

They begin crawling toward opposite sides of the ring.

Bianca reaches the ropes first.

Sol reaches them seconds later.

Both pull themselves upright.

Bianca turns.

Sol turns.

They charge.

Bianca swings—

Sol ducks!

Sol unloads with a forearm!

Another!

Another!

Bianca fires back!

Sol blocks it!

KICK TO THE BODY!

Bianca doubles over.

Sol grabs the head.

SNAP SUPLEX!

Sol rolls through.

She tries to stand quickly—

The knee slows her.

But she forces herself upright.

Bianca gets up.

Sol runs—

RUNNING KNEE!

Bianca is rocked into the corner!

Sol follows.

Forearm!

Kick!

Forearm!

Sol backs across the ring.

She charges—

Bianca steps out!

Sol adjusts in mid-stride.

She runs up the turnbuckles instead!

Bianca turns—

Sol launches backward!

MOONSAULT!

She catches Bianca!

Both women crash down!

Sol grabs her knee on impact.

But she crawls over.

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

BIANCA KICKS OUT!

Sol rolls onto her back.

The crowd applauds both women.

Mark Bravo: "Sol paid for that."

John Phillips: "But she had to take the chance."

Mark Bravo: "Absolutely. That's the tournament. You don't save anything for next week because there is no next week if you lose."

Sol sits up.

She grabs the knee.

Tests it.

Then begins pulling Bianca upright.

Bianca suddenly drives Sol backward into the corner!

Shoulder to the stomach!

Another!

Bianca grabs Sol.

Sets her on the top turnbuckle.

The crowd begins to rise.

Bianca climbs to the second rope.

Then higher.

Sol starts fighting.

Forearm!

Bianca answers!

Sol again!

Bianca again!

Both women balance dangerously above the ring.

Bianca hooks Sol.

SUPERPLEX—

Sol blocks!

Bianca tries again.

Sol hooks one leg around the turnbuckle.

Blocks again!

She drives a forearm into Bianca's ribs.

Another.

HEADBUTT!

Bianca nearly falls.

She grabs the ropes.

Sol hits her again.

Bianca falls backward—

But lands on her feet!

Sol stands on the top turnbuckle.

Bianca realizes it.

She charges back toward the corner—

MISSILE DROPKICK!

Sol catches her square in the chest!

Bianca flies backward!

Sol crashes to the canvas!

Again she immediately grabs the knee.

But Bianca is down.

Sol sees her.

She begins crawling.

Closer.

Closer.

Sol throws herself across Bianca.

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

BIANCA GETS THE SHOULDER UP!

The crowd groans.

Sol stays on her knees.

Breathing heavily.

Bianca lies beside her.

Also exhausted.

Ace Andrews paces outside.

His calm demeanor is beginning to disappear.

John Phillips: "How much more do these two have?"

Mark Bravo: "Enough."

John Phillips: "How do you know?"

Mark Bravo: "Because there's a semifinal waiting for one of them."

Sol grabs Bianca.

Bianca grabs Sol.

Neither really has the strength to pull the other upright.

So they use each other.

Slowly...

Both women rise.

Forehead to forehead.

Bianca says something away from the microphones.

Sol answers.

Then Bianca SLAPS her.

The crowd reacts.

Sol's head turns.

She slowly looks back at Bianca.

Bianca realizes immediately that may have been a mistake.

Sol fires a forearm!

Bianca answers!

Sol!

Bianca!

Sol!

Bianca!

Sol fires three in succession!

Bianca staggers!

Sol kicks the thigh!

Again!

Again!

Bianca's leg buckles!

Sol spins—

ROUNDHOUSE!

Bianca ducks!

Sol completes the rotation—

Bianca grabs the bad leg!

DRAGON SCREW!

Sol screams and hits the mat!

Bianca immediately pulls her toward the center!

She steps through the legs.

Sol realizes it.

She begins kicking.

Bianca fights through it.

Turns Sol over—

And sits back!

Sol cries out.

Bianca wrenches backward.

Ace Andrews is screaming from ringside.

Ace Andrews: "ASK HER!"

The referee drops beside Sol.

Sol shakes her head.

No.

Bianca pulls harder.

Sol reaches.

The ropes are several feet away.

John Phillips: "This could do it!"

Mark Bravo: "She's got nowhere to go!"

Sol reaches again.

Nothing.

Bianca sits deeper.

Sol's hand rises.

The crowd gets louder.

She looks at the mat.

Looks toward the ropes.

Her hand hovers.

Ace Andrews: "TAP!"

Sol closes her fist.

No.

She plants both palms against the canvas.

And starts dragging herself forward.

Inches.

Bianca pulls backward.

Sol screams.

Another inch.

Another.

Her fingers reach—

Still short.

Bianca looks toward the ropes.

Then toward Ace.

Ace shakes his head.

Ace Andrews: "CENTER!"

Bianca releases the hold.
She grabs Sol's ankle.
Tries to drag her back toward the middle—
Sol rolls through!
Bianca is launched forward!
She hits the turnbuckles!
Sol gets up as quickly as the knee allows.
Bianca staggers backward.
Sol catches her!
BACKSLIDE!
ONE!
TWO!
THR—
BIANCA ESCAPES!
Both women rise.
Bianca charges—
Sol sidesteps!
Bianca hits the ropes.
She rebounds.
Sol catches her around the waist!
Bianca throws elbows.
Sol hangs on.
Bianca throws another.
Sol releases.
Bianca spins—
SWANKY!
NO!
Sol catches the leg again!
This time she doesn't wait.
She sweeps Bianca's other leg!
Bianca hits the mat!
Sol keeps the ankle!
She steps through!

Bianca's eyes widen.

Sol turns her over!

Now BIANCA is trapped!

The crowd explodes!

John Phillips: "SHE TURNED IT AROUND!"

Mark Bravo: "Bianca spent the entire match taking Sol's legs away, and now Bianca Page is the one looking at the ropes!"

Bianca claws forward.

Sol sits back.

Bianca reaches.

Too far.

Ace moves around ringside.

Ace Andrews: "Move! Move!"

Bianca drags herself forward.

Sol pulls her backward.

Bianca screams.

She reaches again.

Still short.

The referee asks.

Bianca emphatically shakes her head.

Sol wrenches back.

Bianca's hand rises.

For just a moment...

It looks like she might tap.

Ace slaps the apron.

Ace Andrews: "BIANCA!"

Bianca looks toward him.

Then toward the ropes.

She lunges—

AND GETS THEM!

The referee orders the break.

Sol immediately releases.

She rolls away.

Bianca pulls herself underneath the bottom rope and onto the apron.

She lies there.

Breathing.

Ace crouches beside her.

He doesn't touch her.

He just talks.

Quietly.

Urgently.

Bianca listens.

Inside the ring, Sol uses the ropes to pull herself upright.

Her knee is hurting.

Her body is hurting.

But she sees Bianca.

She sees the semifinal.

And she starts moving toward her.

Mark Bravo: "This is where the match changes again."

John Phillips: "Neither one has anything left to learn about the other."

Sol approaches the ropes.

Bianca slowly pulls herself upright on the apron.

They look at each other through the ropes.

John Phillips: "So now what?"

Sol raises her guard.

Bianca does the same.

Mark Bravo: "Now they find out who wants it more."

Sol Azteca and Bianca Page stare at one another through the ropes.

Bianca stands on the apron.

Sol inside the ring.

Ace Andrews paces below them.

Neither woman looks away.

Then Bianca steps through.

Slowly.

Carefully.

Sol gives her the space.

No cheap shot.

No rush.

Just two competitors resetting after everything they've already thrown at each other.

John Phillips: "You can feel the difference now."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah. Early on, they were testing each other. Now they're trying to finish each other."

They circle again.

Slower this time.

Sol's injured knee forces her to shorten the steps.

Bianca notices.

Of course she notices.

Bianca feints high.

Then shoots toward the leg.

Sol pulls it back.

Bianca changes direction and catches her with a forearm.

Sol answers with one of her own.

Bianca lands another.

Sol fires back.

Bianca grabs the wrist.

Irish whip—

Sol reverses.

Bianca hits the ropes.

Sol lowers her level.

Bianca leapfrogs.

Sol turns.

Bianca comes back—

SPINNING BACK ELBOW!

Sol catches her clean!

Bianca drops.

Sol covers!

ONE!

TWO!

BIANCA KICKS OUT!

Sol immediately grabs the arm.

She begins transitioning.

Bianca realizes it.

John Phillips: "Sol's looking for Luz Final!"

Bianca scrambles.

Sol tries to lock the arm.

Bianca rolls through.

Sol follows.

Bianca gets to her knees.

Sol tries to pull her back down.

Bianca turns underneath.

She catches Sol around the waist.

Sol throws an elbow.

Bianca ducks.

Sol spins—

HIGH KNEE!

BINX!

Bianca catches Sol flush!

Sol collapses!

Bianca dives onto her!

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

SOL KICKS OUT!

The crowd erupts again.

Bianca stays over Sol for a second.

Staring down at her.

Then she looks toward Ace.

Ace says nothing.

He only nods.

Bianca understands.

She pulls Sol upright.

Hooks her.

GRACEFUL!

The Ace Cutter—

NO!

Sol shoves Bianca away!

Bianca hits the ropes.

She comes back—

BASEMENT DROPKICK!

Sol attacks the knee!

Bianca folds down!

Sol pushes herself upright.

She hits the ropes.

Running kick to the chest!

Bianca drops onto her back.

Sol covers!

ONE!

TWO!

BIANCA ESCAPES!

Sol grabs Bianca by the wrist.

Pulls her up.

Bianca jerks free.

Forearm!

Sol answers with a kick.

Bianca forearm.

Sol kick.

Bianca.

Sol.

The pace rises again.

Bianca swings a discus clothesline.

Sol ducks.

Bianca turns around—

SKYFIRE KICK!

The running spinning heel kick lands!

Bianca crashes to the mat!

Sol drops beside her.

Both women are down.

Ace Andrews grips the edge of the apron.

Mark Bravo: "This is becoming survival now."

John Phillips: "And whoever survives this survives into the final four."

Sol crawls toward Bianca.

Hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

NO!

Bianca kicks out!

Sol remains on her knees.

She exhales.

Then slowly rises.

Her knee buckles once.

She catches herself.

Bianca is beginning to stir.

Sol steps toward the ropes.

She grabs the top rope.

Ace's eyes widen.

Ace Andrews: "BIANCA!"

Bianca pushes herself upright.

Sol springboards—

SOLAR FLARE!

The corkscrew crossbody—

BIANCA ROLLS THROUGH!

She uses Sol's momentum!

Bianca ends up on top!

She hooks both legs!

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

SOL ESCAPES!

Both women scramble up.

Bianca swings.

Sol ducks.

Sol hits the ropes.

Bianca follows her.

Sol rebounds—

SPEAR!

BIANCA CUTS HER IN HALF!

The crowd gasps.

Bianca collapses across Sol.

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

SOL GETS A SHOULDER UP!

Bianca slams both hands against the canvas.

Ace immediately points toward the corner.

Bianca looks.

Then nods.

She drags Sol toward the turnbuckles.

John Phillips: "Bianca's thinking bigger now."

Mark Bravo: "She might be thinking Pure Elegance."

Bianca steps through the ropes.

She climbs.

First rope.

Second.

Then the top.

Sol lies below.

Bianca steadies herself.

Looks down.

Then launches—

PURE ELEGANCE!

CORKSCREW MOONSAULT—

SOL MOVES!

Bianca crashes hard into the canvas!

The building erupts!

John Phillips: "NOBODY HOME!"

Mark Bravo: "That could be the opening Sol has been waiting for!"

Sol pulls herself toward the ropes.

Uses them to stand.

Bianca rolls onto her stomach.

Sol turns.

Bianca gets to one knee.

Sol sees it.

She grabs the top rope.

Springboard—

CORONA STRIKE!

The springboard knee catches Bianca in the face!

Bianca drops!

Ace freezes.

Sol falls across Bianca.

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

BIANCA GETS THE SHOULDER UP!

The crowd cannot believe it.

Sol sits upright.

She stares at Bianca.

Then nods once.

No frustration.

No panic.

She simply moves to the next thing.

Mark Bravo: "That right there is Sol Azteca. She doesn't waste energy arguing with the count. She accepts it and keeps moving."

Sol reaches for Bianca.

Bianca suddenly pulls her into a cradle!

ONE!

TWO!

SOL ESCAPES!

Bianca pops up—
SWANKY!
THE SUPERKICK CONNECTS!
Sol drops!
Bianca immediately falls on her!
ONE!
TWO!
THR—
NO!
SOL KICKS OUT!
Bianca lies across Sol.
Eyes wide.
Ace Andrews now looks genuinely concerned.
John Phillips: "What does Bianca have left?"
Mark Bravo: "Plenty. The question is whether Sol does too."
Bianca slowly gets up.
She looks down at Sol.
Then toward Ace.
Ace points toward the ropes.
Bianca grabs Sol.
Pulls her upright.
Hooks the head.
GRACEFUL—
SOL COUNTERS!
She slips underneath!
Bianca turns—
SOL CRACKS HER WITH A FOREARM!
Bianca answers!
Sol fires another!
Bianca answers again!
They exchange rapidly now.
No posing.
No hesitation.

Just strikes.

Bianca gets the advantage.

Forearm.

Forearm.

Kick to the knee.

Sol drops.

Bianca runs the ropes.

Sol rises—

DISCUSS CLOTHESLINE—

Sol ducks!

Bianca turns—

AZTECA RUSH!

Handspring—

ENZIGURI!

Bianca falls backward into the ropes!

Sol immediately pulls her away!

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

BIANCA KICKS OUT AGAIN!

The arena stands.

Sol sits beside Bianca.

Breathing hard.

Ace walks several steps away from ringside.

Hands on top of his head.

Even he cannot hide it anymore.

John Phillips: "This is a tournament match."

Mark Bravo: "No."

Bravo watches the ring.

Mark Bravo: "This is a semifinal-level match happening one round early."

Sol gets back to her feet.

She pulls Bianca up.

Bianca suddenly shoves Sol backward.

Sol's bad knee gives.

Bianca charges—

BINX!

HIGH KNEE!

Sol is rocked.

Bianca grabs her.

LAVISH LIFESTYLE!

The Blockbuster connects!

Sol is planted!

Bianca rolls through.

She doesn't cover.

Instead—

She points upward.

Ace nods emphatically.

John Phillips: "She's going back up."

Mark Bravo: "If she hits Pure Elegance now, this is over."

Bianca moves toward the corner.

She steps onto the apron.

Starts climbing.

Sol is motionless in the center of the ring.

Bianca reaches the top.

She steadies herself.

State Farm Arena rises.

Bianca looks down.

And then—

The crowd suddenly ERUPTS.

Not because Bianca moved.

Because someone just came through the curtain.

Ace Andrews turns.

His expression drops immediately.

John Phillips: "Oh, no."

Mark Bravo: "Emily Hightower."

Emily Hightower walks onto the stage.

No music.

No Hightower Clan.

Just Emily.

And she is walking with purpose.

Bianca remains perched on the top turnbuckle.

She sees Emily.

And freezes.

The crowd gets louder.

Emily doesn't run.

She doesn't shout.

She simply walks down the ramp.

Eyes locked on Bianca.

John Phillips: "We were just talking about Bianca needing to keep her focus!"

Mark Bravo: "And now the woman Bianca cost a spot in this very tournament is standing right in front of her."

Bianca starts shouting from the top rope.

Bianca Page: "What are you doing?!"

Emily keeps coming.

Ace Andrews steps toward her.

Emily looks at him.

Ace stops.

Smart man.

Emily reaches ringside.

Bianca is still on the turnbuckle.

The referee turns toward Emily.

Immediately warns her.

Emily raises both hands.

She's not touching anybody.

Bianca points down at her.

Bianca Page: "Get her out of here!"

Emily smiles.

Just a little.

Bianca's face twists with anger.

John Phillips: "Bianca needs to turn around."

Mark Bravo: "She absolutely does."

Emily says something up toward Bianca.

The microphones barely catch it.

Emily Hightower: "How's the view?"

Bianca's eyes widen.

She starts climbing down.

Bianca Page: "You think you're funny?!"

Ace is yelling now.

Ace Andrews: "BIANCA!"

Ace Andrews: "TURN AROUND!"

Bianca turns—

SOL IS UP!

Sol charges the corner!

RUNNING DROPKICK!

Bianca is knocked from the turnbuckles!

She crashes into the ring!

The crowd explodes!

Sol falls backward.

Her knee hurts.

But she gets up.

Bianca is scrambling.

Furious.

Embarrassed.

She gets to her knees.

Sol moves toward her—

Bianca suddenly rolls out of the ring!

She heads straight toward Emily.

John Phillips: "Bianca's lost the plot!"

Emily doesn't move.

Bianca storms toward her.

Bianca Page: "YOU!"

Emily takes one step forward.

Bianca stops just outside striking distance.

The referee is leaning through the ropes.

Ordering Bianca back inside.

Ace gets between Bianca and Emily.

Ace Andrews: "Not now!"

Bianca tries to move around him.

Bianca Page: "She doesn't get to—"

Emily suddenly reaches past Ace—

AND CRACKS BIANCA WITH A FOREARM!

Bianca drops!

The crowd ERUPTS!

John Phillips: "EMILY HIT HER!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the receipt!"

Ace jumps backward.

The referee did not see the strike.

His view blocked by Ace and the ropes.

Emily looks down at Bianca.

No celebration.

No smile.

Just anger.

Emily Hightower: "Now we're even."

She grabs Bianca.

Rolls her underneath the bottom rope.

Then immediately backs away.

The referee turns back toward the action.

Sol sees Bianca rolling toward the middle of the ring.

She looks toward Emily.

Just for a moment.

Emily looks back.

The message is clear.

This isn't about helping Sol.

Sol understands.

She turns back toward Bianca.

Bianca is trying to stand.
Sol grabs the ropes.
Springboards—
CORONA STRIKE!
The knee lands flush!
Bianca collapses!
Sol does not hesitate.
She pulls Bianca into position.
Steps through.
Hooks the arm.
LUZ FINAL!
Bianca is trapped!
The crowd roars.
Bianca fights.
She reaches toward the ropes.
Too far.
Sol adjusts.
Pulls tighter.
Bianca screams.
Ace Andrews pounds the apron.
Ace Andrews: "MOVE!"
Bianca reaches again.
Nothing.
Sol tightens the hold.
Bianca's hand rises.
She hesitates.
Then—
TAPS!
The bell rings!
The building erupts.
Sol immediately releases.
She rolls onto her back.
Exhausted.

The referee raises her arm.

Ring Announcer: "Here is your winner by submission..."

Ring Announcer: "AND ADVANCING TO THE SEMIFINALS OF THE RING KING TOURNAMENT..."

Ring Announcer: "SOOOOOOL AZTECAAAAAA!"

Sol sits up.

The crowd applauds.

She looks toward the tournament bracket on the screen.

SOL AZTECA — ADVANCES

The first semifinal position fills.

John Phillips: "Sol Azteca is in the final four!"

Mark Bravo: "And let's be very clear about something. Sol Azteca wrestled one hell of a match tonight. She proved she belonged here."

John Phillips: "But Bianca Page is going to have every right in the world to say Emily Hightower cost her this match."

Mark Bravo: "Because she did."

At ringside, Emily hasn't left.

She's staring at Bianca.

Bianca slowly rolls onto her side.

Realization hits.

Then anger.

She looks through the ropes.

Emily is waiting.

Bianca shouts something inaudible.

Emily points at her.

Then at herself.

Then at Bianca again.

A clear message.

You cost me mine.

I cost you yours.

Bianca starts trying to get out of the ring.

Ace immediately gets in front of her.

Ace Andrews: "No."

Bianca shoves at him.

Bianca Page: "Move!"

Ace refuses.

Emily backs up the ramp.
Never taking her eyes off Bianca.
Then Sol steps onto the middle turnbuckle.
She raises both arms.
The crowd cheers.
Emily stops halfway up the ramp.
She looks back at Sol.
Sol looks down at her.
Neither smiles.
Neither waves.
Emily gives the smallest nod.
Sol doesn't return it.
She just watches.
John Phillips: "That's interesting."
Mark Bravo: "Emily didn't come down here for Sol."
John Phillips: "No. She came down here for Bianca."
Mark Bravo: "And Sol knows it."
Emily turns away.
Starts walking again.
Then stops.
She looks over her shoulder.
Not at Bianca this time.
At Sol.
Emily points toward her own eyes.
Then toward Sol.
Watching you.
Sol's expression tightens.
John Phillips: "Uh-oh."
Mark Bravo: "There it is."
Emily turns and disappears through the curtain.
Sol remains on the turnbuckle.
Her semifinal spot secured.
But the message received.

In the ring below, Bianca Page is furious.

Ace Andrews is trying to keep her from chasing Emily.

And above them all, the Ring King bracket updates again.

SOL AZTECA

SEMIFINALIST

John Phillips: "Sol Azteca advances."

Mark Bravo: "Bianca Page gets her own medicine."

A final shot of Sol.

Then Bianca.

Then the entranceway where Emily disappeared.

Mark Bravo: "And somehow, I don't think Emily Hightower considers either one of these women finished business."

Oh Man I Shot Marvin In The Face Again

Segment

The camera catches Madman Szalinski stalking down one of the locker room hallways.

He still has the old black-powder musket clutched in both hands, held with far more confidence than his earlier demonstration suggested he should have.

His eyes dart from doorway to doorway.

He looks left.

Then right.

Then behind himself.

Madman Szalinski: "Where are you... you teleporting freak of professional wrestling?"

Madman continues creeping down the corridor.

On one wall is a cluttered row of printed notices, production schedules, laminated safety reminders, and handwritten locker-room assignments.

Madman walks right past them.

Stops.

His head slowly turns.

Madman Szalinski: "Huh?"

He takes several steps backward.

There, taped crookedly beside a locker-room door, is a small piece of paper.

Someone has written one word across it in black Sharpie.

REAPER

Madman stares at it.

Then nods slowly.

Madman Szalinski: "This is it."

He adjusts his grip on the musket.

Madman Szalinski: "Time for you to figure out the hard way, sir."

Madman takes a deep breath.

Raises one boot.

And KICKS the door open.

Madman Szalinski: "WHERE ARE YOU?!"

He storms into the locker room with the musket raised.

Madman Szalinski: "You know I am here!"

He checks behind a row of lockers.

Madman Szalinski: "You know I'm looking for you, Reaper!"

He whips toward the showers.

Nothing.

Madman Szalinski: "I know you're the kind of man who answers when his name is called upon!"

Madman starts searching more frantically.

He checks beneath a bench.

Behind a hanging jacket.

Then turns and checks behind himself again.

Madman Szalinski: "I know you're here somewhere!"

He squints suspiciously toward a corner.

Madman Szalinski: "You didn't squeeze your—"

A random CLATTER comes from somewhere behind him.

Madman spins violently.

The musket comes up.

Nothing.

Just an equipment bag falling off a bench.

Madman narrows his eyes.

Madman Szalinski: "Come out, come out, O' Reaper of Harrisburg!"

He takes another careful step.

Madman Szalinski: "Let's go, champ!"

Madman pauses.

Then slowly turns his head toward the camera.

A deliberate fourth-wall break.

Madman Szalinski: "That's a deep cut for anyone into Madman Szalinski lore right there, folks."

He gives the camera a knowing little nod.

Then immediately snaps back into his search.

Madman's eyes suddenly catch something across the room.

He freezes.

Madman Szalinski: "Wait a second..."

He walks toward one of the lockers.

There is a nameplate attached to it.

Madman leans closer.

Squints.

Reads it.

S. SCYTHE

Madman's head slowly tilts.

Madman Szalinski: "No..."

He looks back toward the doorway.

Then at the locker again.

Madman Szalinski: "How in the Kentucky Fried FUCK are there two Reapers in this company?"

Madman backs away from the locker.

The musket drops to low ready.

Madman Szalinski: "I hope this one doesn't like breaking into cars, either."

He looks around the locker room one final time.

No Ross.

No Scythe.

No Reaper of any variety.

Madman sighs.

He raises the musket back toward chest level and heads toward the door.

Madman Szalinski: "Welp, guess that's it."

He shrugs.

Madman Szalinski: "Time to go back to the hotel and find some videos on YouTube about Harrisburg so I can have some new material for next week..."

Madman reaches the doorway.

Looks up.

Stops dead.

A familiar figure is standing directly in front of him.

Chris Ross.

The UTA Championship rests over his shoulder.

Madman freezes.

His eyes lift several inches above his own height to meet Ross's.

Ross says nothing at first.

He simply stands there.

Looking at Madman.

Looking at the musket.

Looking back at Madman.

Finally—

Chris Ross: "Okay, Madman..."

Ross takes one step forward.

Chris Ross: "I'll bite."

Madman swallows hard.

He takes an involuntary half-step backward.

Ross follows.

Chris Ross: "This is your game now, huh?"

A beat.

Chris Ross: "Lunacy?"

Ross starts to step closer again.

Madman panics.

His fingers jerk.

BOOM!

The black-powder musket DISCHARGES directly into Ross's face.

A massive cloud of smoke explodes between them.

Ross recoils instantly, hands going toward his eyes.

Madman's entire body jolts in horror.

Madman Szalinski: "SORRY!"

He stares at the smoking musket.

Madman Szalinski: "UNPLANNED SPOT!"

Ross stumbles backward through the smoke.

Madman does the only thing his brain can come up with.

He charges.

Shoulder first.

Madman collides with Ross in the doorway.

The UTA Champion barely gives.

Madman nearly bounces backward off him.

But as he recoils, Madman hooks Ross's back ankle with his foot.

Ross loses his balance.

He stumbles backward into the wall.

Slides down.

And lands seated against it.

Madman takes several frantic steps backward.

Still clutching the musket.

Still staring at Ross.

Madman Szalinski: "Anytime, anywhere..."

He points toward Ross.

Madman Szalinski: "The Madness can strike too!"

Ross slowly begins getting back to his feet.

His eyes are watering.

His expression is changing.

Madman sees it.

Madman Szalinski: "Tag!"

Ross rises another inch.

Madman Szalinski: "You're it, champ!"

Madman throws the musket down.

Turns.

And RUNS.

Madman Szalinski: "YOU WILL GIVE ME MY SHOT, CHRIS!"

His voice echoes farther and farther down the hallway.

Ross remains near the wall.

Breathing.

Watching Madman disappear.

Then—

He starts laughing.

Not angry.

Not embarrassed.

Amused.

That unmistakable Reaper laugh begins rolling through the corridor.

Ross shakes his head.

Chris Ross: "Good one, Madman..."

He wipes at one eye.

Chris Ross: "Good one..."

Another laugh.

Chris Ross: "That was a real knee-slapper."

The laughter grows again.

Low.

Dark.

Unsettling.

Ross reaches down and picks the UTA Championship back up.

He settles it over his shoulder.

Then looks directly down the hallway Madman escaped through.

Chris Ross: "Tick tock..."

A beat.

Chris Ross: "In due time, Madman."

Ross smiles.

Chris Ross: "In due time."

The Reaper laugh echoes one more time as the camera slowly pulls away.

Ring King 2026

Segment

The screen fades to black.

Silence.

Then—

A single spotlight illuminates an empty throne.

Gold.

Massive.

Waiting.

A low heartbeat begins.

THUMP.

Words slowly appear across the screen.

SIXTEEN ENTERED.

THUMP.

Quick flashes.

The original Ring King field.

Champions.

Qualifiers.

Veterans.

New blood.

All staring toward the same destination.

THUMP.

ONE WILL WEAR THE CROWN.

The music begins.

Low at first.

Cinematic percussion building underneath distorted flashes from the tournament.

Philadelphia.

Kirsty McKinney driving Valentina Blaze into the mat.

Bianca Page standing victorious.

Lindsey Lothario advancing.

Mike Best drilling Valkyrie Knoxx with I KNEED A HERO!

Maxwell Jett standing over Kairo Bey.

The images accelerate.

Manchester.

Sol Azteca.

Madman Szalinski.

Marie Van Claudio.

Maxx Mayhem.

Competitors earning their place.

A deep voice cuts through the music.

Voiceover: "Getting into Ring King was only the beginning."

Cut.

Toronto.

Round One.

Sol Azteca and Selina Santorino exchanging holds at high speed.

Sol stands victorious.

SOL AZTECA — ADVANCED.

Cut.

Bianca Page battling Lindsey Lothario.

Ace Andrews creating the opening.

Bianca capitalizing.

BIANCA PAGE — ADVANCED.

Cut.

Madman Szalinski refusing to stay down.

Samuel Scythe hammering him again.

And again.

Finally...

Scythe standing victorious.

SAMUEL SCYTHER — ADVANCED.

The music suddenly cuts.

Chris Ross.

UTA Championship around his waist.

Standing across from Mikey Unlikely.

A chair rises outside the ring.

CRACK!

Ross collapses.

The referee counts.

Mikey watches.

TEN.

The hood comes down.

Madman Szalinski.

MIKEY UNLIKELY — ADVANCED.

Black.

The heartbeat returns.

THUMP.

Cleveland.

Tonight.

Hakuryu and Kirsty McKinney trading control.

The White Dragon kicking Kirsty across the head.

Kirsty throwing Hakuryu with a German suplex.

Jed Dye appearing.

Sinja throwing the powder.

Hakuryu turning at exactly the wrong moment.

White powder exploding into his eyes.

Kirsty trapping him.

THREE.

KIRSTY McKINNEY — ADVANCED.

Cut.

Maxwell Jett laughing at Emily Hightower.

Emily throwing him across the ring.

The laugh disappearing.

Bianca Page holding Emily's championships.

Emily screaming from inside the ring.

Bianca swinging the title.

CRACK!

Platinum Driver.

THREE.

Maxwell laughing again.

MAXWELL JETT — ADVANCED.

Cut.

Marie Van Claudio standing with The Empire.

Maxx Mayhem inexplicably standing beside them.

The crowd laughing.

Then chaos.

Maxx flying through the barricade.

Marie getting dumped.

Maxx crashing into The Empire.

Marie fighting back.

The final DDT.

THREE.

Marie raises her arms.

MARIE VAN CLAUDIO — ADVANCED.

The music begins building again.

The tournament bracket fills the screen.

Names disappearing.

Names advancing.

The field shrinking.

Voiceover: "Every match removes another name."

Sol Azteca.

Bianca Page.

Samuel Scythe.

Mikey Unlikely.

Kirsty McKinney.

Maxwell Jett.

Marie Van Claudio.

One final first-round position remains dark.

Voiceover: "Every victory brings someone closer."

Quick flashes of the seven who have advanced.

Voiceover: "Closer to Los Angeles."

The skyline of Los Angeles at night.

Voiceover: "Closer to the throne."

The empty throne again.

Voiceover: "Closer to immortality."

The music swells.

SEPTEMBER 26, 2026

CRYPTO.COM ARENA

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

The Ring King crown slowly lowers into frame.

Voiceover: "The tournament will continue."

Round Two brackets flash.

Quarterfinal imagery.

Semifinal imagery.

Two shadowed figures standing on opposite sides of the throne.

Voiceover: "Until only two remain."

The silhouettes move toward one another.

Voiceover: "And at Ring King..."

The crown comes into focus.

Voiceover: "...one will rule them all."

The screen explodes into the event logo.

RING KING: 2026

WHO WILL BE CROWNED THE 2026 RING KING?

A beat.

Then the logo disappears.

Another image replaces it.

The UTA International Championship.

Resting alone beneath a spotlight.

A familiar voice.

Eric Dane Jr.: "He doesn't deserve that championship."

Quick flash.

Eric Dane Jr.

Sunglasses.

Smug.

Confident.

Cut.

Bobby Dean.

The International Championship over his shoulder.

More serious than we're accustomed to seeing him.

Bobby Dean: "Make me prove it."

The beat drops.

One Last Stop.

Eric standing in Bobby's face.

Eric Dane Jr.: "You're Bobby Dean."

Cut.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Everybody laughs at you."

Cut.

Bobby looking down.

Eric Dane Jr.: "You're a joke."

Then—

CRACK!

Bobby Dean punches Eric square in the face.

Eric crashes to the floor.

The music surges.

Bobby stands above him.

Championship still over his shoulder.

Voiceover: "A friendship destroyed."

Eric rubbing his jaw.

Voiceover: "Respect lost."

Bobby clutching the championship.

Voiceover: "And a championship caught between them."

The match graphic slams onto the screen.

UTA INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP

BOBBY DEAN

vs.

ERIC DANE JR.

Eric Dane Jr.: "At Ring King... the joke's over."

Black.

Then—

The throne.

The crown.

The International Championship.

All illuminated together.

RING KING: 2026

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26

CRYPTO.COM ARENA

LOS ANGELES

A final question appears.

WHO WILL TAKE THE THRONE?

Black.

Samuel Scythe vs. Mikey Unlikely

Match

The broadcast returns to ringside.

State Farm Arena is buzzing.

The Ring King crown remains illuminated above the stage.

The tournament bracket fills the video wall.

One semifinal position has already been claimed.

SOL AZTECA

Now another quarterfinal lights up beside it.

SAMUEL SCYTHER

vs.

MIKEY UNLIKELY

RING KING — ROUND TWO

WINNER ADVANCES TO THE SEMIFINALS

John Phillips: "One semifinalist has been decided tonight."

Mark Bravo: "And now we find the second."

John Phillips: "Two champions. Samuel Scythe, the UTA Fighting Champion. Mikey Unlikely, the UTA WrestleZone Champion."

Mark Bravo: "And one of them is leaving Atlanta two victories away from winning Ring King."

The arena lights suddenly go completely dark.

Everything disappears.

The ring.

The crowd.

The stage.

For a moment...

Silence.

Then the massive video wall flickers to life.

A dark field.

Wind pushing through tall grass.

A blade enters frame.

A scythe.

It sweeps through the field.

One violent pass.

The image glitches.

Then four words appear across the screen.

REAP WHAT YOU SOW

The opening riff of "Useless Sacrifice" by Death Decline crashes through State Farm Arena.

A single spotlight ignites on the stage.

Samuel Scythe stands inside it.

Motionless.

Hood pulled over his head.

Face lowered toward the floor.

The UTA Fighting Championship is secured around his waist.

Behind him, just outside the center of the spotlight, stands Ace Andrews.

Dark tailored suit.

Tinted glasses.

Hands calmly folded in front of him.

If Scythe looks like violence waiting to happen...

Ace looks like the man who scheduled it.

John Phillips: "There is the Fighting Champion."

Mark Bravo: "And maybe the most physically destructive man remaining in this tournament."

John Phillips: "Samuel Scythe didn't merely beat Madman Szalinski in the first round. He put him down."

Mark Bravo: "That has been the pattern with Scythe since he arrived. He doesn't seem particularly interested in winning gracefully. He's interested in making sure the person across from him regrets getting booked."

The camera slowly pushes toward Scythe.

He still hasn't moved.

Ace turns his head slightly and looks toward the ring.

Then toward Scythe.

No instruction is necessary.

Scythe finally lifts his head.

The hood still shadows most of his face.

But the eyes are visible.

Locked directly on the ring.

Samuel begins walking.

No playing to the crowd.

No acknowledgment of the cameras.

No wasted movement.

Ace falls into step several feet behind him.

Mark Bravo: "There's an important difference between Scythe and some of the other remaining competitors."

John Phillips: "What's that?"

Mark Bravo: "Some of them want Ring King because of what winning it means."

Scythe continues down the ramp.

Mark Bravo: "I think Samuel Scythe wants Ring King because it gives him permission to keep hurting people."

John Phillips: "And Ace Andrews has spent months telling everybody exactly that."

The camera cuts to Ace.

A small smile forms beneath the tinted glasses.

Mark Bravo: "He's a fourteen-time World Champion himself. He knows tournament wrestling. He knows pressure. He knows every trick there is."

John Phillips: "And now he gets to stand on the floor while somebody younger, stronger, and a whole lot meaner does the damage for him."

Scythe reaches ringside.

He stops at the bottom of the steps.

Looks into the ring.

Then climbs.

One step.

Then another.

Ace circles toward Scythe's corner.

Samuel steps onto the apron.

Then between the ropes.

He walks directly into the center of the ring.

The spotlight follows him.

The rest of the arena remains dark.

Ring Announcer: "The following contest is tonight's MAIN EVENT..."

The crowd rises.

Ring Announcer: "...and it is a Ring King Tournament second-round match!"

The bracket appears again above the ring.

SAMUEL SCYTHE vs. MIKEY UNLIKELY

WINNER ADVANCES TO THE FINAL FOUR

Samuel reaches up.

Pulls the hood away.

His face is completely focused.

Then he unfastens the Fighting Championship.

Ace steps onto the apron.

Scythe walks toward him.

Hands the title through the ropes.

Ace takes it carefully.

Looks down at the championship.

Then back at Samuel.

He says something quietly.

Scythe listens.

No visible response.

Ace steps back to the floor with the title.

Ring Announcer: "Introducing first..."

Scythe turns toward the center of the ring.

Ring Announcer: "Accompanied by Ace Andrews..."

Ace gives the crowd a small, smug acknowledgment.

Ring Announcer: "From Elysian Fields..."

Ring Announcer: "Weighing in at two hundred fifty pounds..."

Scythe stares directly toward the entrance.

Ring Announcer: "He is the reigning UTA FIGHTING CHAMPION..."

The crowd noise rises again.

Ring Announcer: "THE REAPER..."

Ring Announcer: "SAMUEL..."

Ring Announcer: "SCYYYYYYYYTHE!"

Samuel slowly raises one hand.

Draws his thumb across his throat.

Cut-throat gesture.

Then lowers it.

Nothing theatrical after that.

He simply walks backward into his corner.

And waits.

Ace remains outside with the Fighting Championship over one shoulder.

John Phillips: "This is a fascinating matchup."

Mark Bravo: "Because Mikey Unlikely isn't Madman Szalinski."

John Phillips: "No."

Mark Bravo: "Mikey has been around too long. He's won too much. He's survived too many different styles. Scythe isn't going to intimidate him just by standing there."

The camera tightens on Samuel.

He doesn't blink.

Mark Bravo: "The question is whether he can destroy him."

Ace leans against the apron.

Watching the entrance.

Samuel does the same.

The lights begin returning around the arena.

Scythe remains completely still.

Waiting for the WrestleZone Champion.

Samuel Scythe waits.

Motionless in his corner.

Ace Andrews stands on the floor below him, the UTA Fighting Championship resting over his shoulder.

The camera holds on Scythe.

Then—

The arena lights change.

The darkness and menace surrounding Samuel's arrival gives way to something entirely different.

Something bigger.

Brighter.

Hollywood.

The video wall explodes to life.

MIKEY UNLIKELY

The Atlanta crowd ERUPTS.

Scythe doesn't react.

Ace does.

He looks toward the entrance with a faint smirk.

Then the music hits.

And Mikey Unlikely steps through the curtain.

The UTA WrestleZone Championship is strapped around his waist.

He stops at the top of the stage.

Looks out across State Farm Arena.

Then spreads his arms.

The response gets even louder.

Mikey smiles.

Not the exaggerated grin of somebody trying to convince himself everything is fine.

The smile of somebody who has done this for a very long time.

He turns toward one side of the arena.

Lets them make some noise.

Then the other.

More noise.

John Phillips: "And listen to Atlanta!"

Mark Bravo: "This is what Samuel Scythe is dealing with tonight. Mikey Unlikely has spent more than a decade learning how to live in moments like this."

Mikey turns toward the ring.

His eyes find Samuel.

The smile remains.

Scythe stares back.

Two champions.

Two completely different personalities.

Neither man looks remotely impressed by the other.

Mikey starts down the ramp.

He reaches toward the crowd as he goes, slapping hands along the barricade.

But his eyes repeatedly return to the ring.

John Phillips: "Mikey Unlikely's road to this round was certainly unusual."

Mark Bravo: "That's putting it mildly."

The screen briefly shows footage from the previous round.

Chris Ross outside the ring.

The hooded attacker assaulting him.

Mikey inside, occupying the referee.

The count reaching ten.

Then the reveal.

Madman Szalinski.

John Phillips: "Mikey advanced when Chris Ross was counted out after Madman Szalinski attacked the UTA Champion."

Mark Bravo: "But we need to keep saying this because it's important: Mikey Unlikely did not know Madman was out there. He didn't plan it. He didn't coordinate it."

John Phillips: "He benefited from it."

Mark Bravo: "Absolutely. But those are two different things."

Mikey reaches ringside.

He stops.

Looks up at Samuel.

Scythe takes one step out of his corner.

Ace immediately looks toward him.

But Samuel stops there.

Mikey looks at him.

Then slowly looks down at Ace.

Ace smiles.

Mikey gives him a little nod.

Then holds up one finger.

As if to say—

I've got him.

Ace chuckles.

Mark Bravo: "Mikey also understands something Madman learned in the first round."

John Phillips: "What's that?"

Mark Bravo: "Ace Andrews might be standing outside that ring, but you cannot spend your night worrying about Ace Andrews when Samuel Scythe is standing inside it."

Mikey walks around the ring.

Then suddenly stops near the timekeeper.

He unfastens the WrestleZone Championship.

Looks down at it.

Then raises it high.

Atlanta responds.

Scythe's eyes follow the championship.

Mikey notices.

He points toward Scythe.

Then toward the WrestleZone Championship.

Then shakes his head.

Not yours.

Scythe's expression doesn't change.

Ace's does.

He laughs.

Mikey hands his championship off.

Then climbs onto the apron.

Samuel steps forward again.

The referee immediately moves between them.

Mikey ducks through the ropes.

Scythe doesn't back away.

Neither does Mikey.

For the first time, they stand only a few feet apart.

Scythe at six-foot-three.

Mikey at five-foot-eleven.

Samuel noticeably bigger.

Mikey noticeably unconcerned.

John Phillips: "Look at this."

Mikey looks Samuel up and down.

Then slowly nods.

Almost impressed.

He points toward Scythe.

Then mouths—

Mikey Unlikely: "Big dude."

Mikey looks toward the crowd.

He holds his hand several inches above his own head.

Mikey Unlikely: "Very big dude."

The crowd laughs.

Samuel doesn't.

Mark Bravo: "I don't think Scythe is interested in Mikey's review."

John Phillips: "That's unfortunate. The World's Greatest Entertainer is giving it away for free."

Mikey backs toward his corner.

Then climbs onto the middle turnbuckle.

One arm goes into the air.

Atlanta cheers again.

Ring Announcer: "And his opponent..."

Mikey points into the crowd.

Ring Announcer: "From HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA..."

Ring Announcer: "Weighing in at two hundred thirty pounds..."

Mikey hops down from the turnbuckles.

Ring Announcer: "He is the reigning UTA WRESTLEZONE CHAMPION..."

The crowd gets louder.

Ring Announcer: "THE WORLD'S GREATEST ENTERTAINER..."

Mikey steps toward the middle of the ring.

Ring Announcer: "MIKEY..."

Ring Announcer: "UNNNNNNNLIKELYYYYYYYYYY!"

Mikey raises both arms.

Then turns.

Samuel Scythe is waiting for him.

The smile gradually disappears from Mikey's face.

Not because he's afraid.

Because the entrance is over.

Now it's time to wrestle.

Mikey rolls his shoulders.

Pulls at the ropes once.

Then steps away from the corner.

Across the ring, Samuel rolls his neck.

Ace Andrews moves around the floor toward Scythe's corner.

The camera cuts to the tournament bracket.

RING KING — ROUND TWO

SAMUEL SCYTHER vs. MIKEY UNLIKELY

WINNER ADVANCES TO THE SEMIFINALS

John Phillips: "Samuel Scythe wants to destroy people."

Mark Bravo: "Mikey Unlikely has made a career out of surviving people who wanted to destroy him."

Scythe steps toward the center.

Mikey meets him there.

The referee stands between them.

Samuel looks down at Mikey.

Mikey looks up at Samuel.

Neither moves.

John Phillips: "Fighting Champion."

Mark Bravo: "WrestleZone Champion."

John Phillips: "One spot in the final four."

The camera tightens on their faces.

Mark Bravo: "And only one of these men gets it."

The referee looks toward Samuel Scythe.

Ready.

Then Mikey Unlikely.

Ready.

Ace Andrews backs away from the apron.

The crowd rises around them.

Two champions.

One semifinal spot.

The referee signals.

DING! DING! DING!

Neither man immediately charges.

Samuel Scythe walks toward the center of the ring.

Mikey Unlikely does the same.

They stop several feet apart.

Scythe stands tall.

Shoulders squared.

Hands ready.

Mikey bounces lightly on the balls of his feet.

He circles left.

Scythe turns with him.

Mikey changes direction.

Scythe follows.

Mark Bravo: "This may be the biggest stylistic contrast we've seen in the tournament so far."

John Phillips: "Samuel Scythe wants to get his hands on you and make everything hurt. Mikey Unlikely has spent fifteen years figuring out how to make sure you don't get the match you want."

Mikey reaches in.

Scythe swats the hand away.

Mikey backs off.

Circles again.

Scythe advances.

Mikey reaches for the wrist.

Scythe grabs for him—

Mikey is already gone.

He slips around behind.
Waistlock.
Scythe immediately reaches down and begins peeling Mikey's hands apart.
Mikey abandons it before Scythe can.
He moves to the side.
Kick to the thigh.
Scythe turns.
Mikey is already backing away.
The crowd reacts.
Samuel stares at him.
Mikey gives him a small shrug.
Mikey Unlikely: "Worth a shot."
Scythe advances again.
Mikey circles.
Another quick kick to the leg.
Scythe swings.
Mikey ducks.
He hits the ropes.
Comes back—
Scythe swings a huge clothesline!
Mikey ducks again!
Opposite ropes.
Scythe turns—
Mikey stops short.
He doesn't run into him.
Instead, Mikey immediately changes direction again.
Scythe follows.
Mikey slides underneath the bottom rope.
He lands on the floor.
Scythe stops inside.
The crowd laughs.
Mikey looks up at him.
Raises one finger.

Mikey Unlikely: "You are very large."

Scythe doesn't react.

John Phillips: "That's Mikey's professional analysis."

Mark Bravo: "Laugh if you want, but look at what's happening. Scythe hasn't touched him yet."

Ace walks toward Mikey.

Mikey immediately notices.

Mikey Unlikely: "Don't."

Ace stops.

Smiles.

Raises both hands.

Not touching him.

Mikey watches Ace for another second.

Then turns back toward the ring.

Scythe is standing at the ropes.

Waiting.

Mark Bravo: "That's the other problem."

John Phillips: "Ace."

Mark Bravo: "Exactly. Mikey has to know where Ace Andrews is without allowing Ace Andrews to become more important than Samuel Scythe."

Mikey climbs onto the apron.

Scythe moves toward him.

The referee orders Samuel back.

Scythe complies.

Mikey steps through.

Back inside.

They circle again.

This time Mikey offers the lockup.

Scythe accepts.

COLLAR-AND-ELBOW—

And Scythe immediately launches Mikey backward!

Mikey flies across the ring and hits the canvas!

The crowd reacts.

Mikey sits up.

He looks at Scythe.

Then toward the crowd.

Mikey Unlikely: "Okay."

He gets back to his feet.

John Phillips: "There's the power difference."

Mark Bravo: "And Mikey just learned something."

John Phillips: "Don't do that again?"

Mark Bravo: "Pretty much."

Mikey approaches again.

Scythe raises his hands for another lockup.

Mikey reaches—

Then immediately ducks underneath.

Kick to the back of Scythe's knee!

Scythe turns.

Mikey kicks the thigh.

Another.

Samuel swings.

Mikey ducks.

Forearm to the jaw!

Scythe barely moves.

Mikey throws another.

Samuel takes it.

Mikey hits him again.

Scythe's head turns.

Mikey hits the ropes.

Comes back—

SHOULDER BLOCK!

Mikey hits Scythe.

Scythe doesn't go down.

Mikey rebounds.

Another shoulder!

Scythe gives half a step.

Mikey looks toward the ropes.

Then at Scythe.

The crowd knows what he's considering.

Mikey hits the ropes a third time.

He charges—

SCYTHE CATCHES HIM!

Mikey's eyes widen.

Samuel lifts him off the mat.

And HURLS him overhead with a belly-to-belly suplex!

Mikey crashes hard!

John Phillips: "THERE IT IS!"

Mark Bravo: "Mikey got greedy!"

Mikey rolls toward the corner.

Scythe follows.

The entire pace of the match changes.

Samuel grabs Mikey.

Pulls him upright.

FOREARM!

The shot rocks Mikey against the turnbuckles.

Scythe drives another into him.

Then another.

Each one heavy.

Deliberate.

Mikey covers up.

Samuel drives a knee into the stomach.

Mikey doubles over.

Scythe grabs him.

Whips him across the ring.

Mikey hits the opposite corner HARD.

Scythe charges.

Mikey moves!

Samuel crashes chest-first into the turnbuckles!

Mikey immediately grabs him.

Roll-up!

ONE!

Scythe EXPLODES out!

Mikey is thrown several feet away.

Both men rise.

Mikey charges—

BIG BOOT!

Mikey's head snaps backward!

He crashes to the mat.

Scythe covers.

ONE!

TWO—

Mikey kicks out.

Samuel doesn't react.

He simply grabs Mikey by the head and pulls him back up.

Mark Bravo: "That's what Mikey cannot allow. The longer Scythe keeps physical contact, the worse this becomes."

Scythe hooks Mikey.

Vertical suplex.

He lifts him.

And holds him.

One second.

Two.

Three.

Four.

Mikey suspended upside down.

Then Scythe drops him hard onto the canvas!

Samuel covers again.

ONE!

TWO!

Mikey gets a shoulder up.

Ace applauds once from ringside.

Ace Andrews: "That's it."

Scythe pulls Mikey upright.

Irish whip.

Mikey hits the ropes.

Scythe lowers his head.
Mikey sees it.
He kicks Scythe in the chest!
Samuel rises.
Mikey fires a forearm.
Another.
Another!
Scythe gives ground.
Mikey hits the ropes.
Samuel swings—
Mikey ducks.
He rebounds from the other side.
FLYING FOREARM!
Scythe staggers!
Doesn't fall.
Mikey immediately gets up.
Another flying forearm!
Scythe hits the ropes.
Mikey gets up again.
Runs—
DROPKICK!
Samuel is knocked through the ropes!
Scythe lands on his feet at ringside.
He immediately turns back toward Mikey.
Mikey is already moving.
He hits the ropes—
BASEBALL SLIDE!
Scythe is knocked backward into the barricade!
The crowd comes alive.
Mikey slides out after him.
Forearm!
Scythe answers!
Mikey staggers.

Samuel grabs him—

Mikey slips behind!

He shoves Scythe toward the ring post!

Samuel stops himself with both hands.

Turns—

Mikey charges!

Scythe catches him around the throat!

Mikey's eyes widen.

Samuel lifts—

Mikey kicks his legs!

He slips free!

Mikey lands behind him.

He shoves Samuel forward—

SCYTHE HITS THE RING POST!

Shoulder first!

The crowd reacts.

Samuel staggers away.

Mikey immediately rolls into the ring.

He points toward his head.

John Phillips: "That's experience."

Mark Bravo: "That's exactly how Mikey has to wrestle this match. Don't stand there proving you're tougher than Samuel Scythe. Make Samuel Scythe make mistakes."

The referee begins counting.

ONE!

Scythe holds his shoulder.

TWO!

Ace approaches him.

He says something quietly.

Scythe listens.

THREE!

Mikey watches from inside.

FOUR!

Samuel turns toward the ring.

FIVE!

He slides underneath the bottom rope.

Mikey is waiting.

STOMP!

Another!

Mikey goes directly after the shoulder that hit the post.

Samuel pushes himself upward.

Mikey kicks the shoulder.

Samuel grimaces.

Mikey grabs the arm.

He twists.

Scythe tries pulling him in.

Mikey immediately releases.

Kick to the knee!

Samuel drops to one knee.

Mikey hits the ropes.

RUNNING KNEE TO THE SIDE OF THE HEAD!

Scythe drops!

Mikey covers!

ONE!

TWO!

SCYTHE KICKS OUT!

Mikey rolls away.

He doesn't look surprised.

He gets right back up.

Mark Bravo: "Look at Mikey."

John Phillips: "No wasted time."

Mark Bravo: "That's the veteran. He wasn't expecting that to end the match. He was making Scythe spend energy."

Mikey grabs Samuel's arm again.

Scythe suddenly pulls him forward.

Mikey flies directly into a short-arm clothesline!

He turns inside out!

The crowd gasps.

Scythe drops to one knee.

His shoulder still bothering him.
But the expression on his face is changing.
Anger.
Mikey rolls onto his stomach.
Samuel rises.
Slowly.
Mikey reaches the ropes.
Scythe grabs him from behind.
Mikey desperately grabs the top rope.
Samuel pulls.
Mikey hangs on.
The referee calls for the break.
Scythe releases.
Mikey turns around—
FOREARM FROM SCYTHE!
Mikey falls through the ropes and onto the apron!
Samuel grabs him.
Mikey fights.
Forearm!
Scythe answers.
Mikey almost falls to the floor.
He hangs onto the top rope.
Samuel reaches through—
Mikey snaps Scythe's arm across the top rope!
Samuel recoils!
Mikey sees the opening.
He climbs.
Top rope.
Scythe turns.
Mikey launches—
Scythe catches him!
Samuel has Mikey across his chest!
Mikey starts throwing elbows!

One!

Two!

Three!

Scythe's grip loosens.

Mikey drops behind him.

Samuel turns—

Mikey kicks the knee!

Samuel drops.

Mikey runs—

Scythe catches him around the waist!

GERMAN SUPLEX!

Mikey lands hard!

Samuel doesn't release.

He pulls Mikey back up.

SECOND GERMAN SUPLEX!

Still holding him.

Ace Andrews smiles.

Ace Andrews: "Again."

Scythe pulls Mikey upright.

Third—

Mikey hooks his leg around Samuel's!

Blocks it!

Scythe tries again.

Mikey throws an elbow backward.

Another.

Another!

Scythe releases.

Mikey turns—

Samuel grabs him by the throat!

He lifts Mikey off the canvas!

CHOKESLAM!

Mikey is driven into the mat!

Scythe covers!

ONE!

TWO!

TH—

MIKEY KICKS OUT!

The crowd erupts.

Samuel remains kneeling over him.

He stares down at Mikey.

No disbelief.

No argument with the referee.

Just irritation.

Ace Andrews leans closer to the apron.

Ace Andrews: "Don't chase him."

Scythe looks toward Ace.

Ace Andrews: "Make him come to you."

Samuel looks back down at Mikey.

Then stands.

He waits.

Mikey slowly rolls onto his stomach.

Gets one knee underneath himself.

Then the other.

Scythe doesn't move.

Mikey pulls himself upright.

Turns around.

Samuel is waiting.

Mikey's expression changes.

He realizes Ace has adjusted the strategy.

John Phillips: "That's interesting."

Mark Bravo: "Very."

John Phillips: "Scythe was following Mikey around."

Mark Bravo: "And that's what Mikey wanted. So Ace just told Scythe to stop."

Mikey circles.

Samuel stays near the center.

Mikey feints.

No reaction.

Another faint.

Nothing.

Mikey looks toward Ace.

Ace smiles.

Mikey gives him a slow nod.

Mikey Unlikely: "Okay."

Ace spreads his arms.

Ace Andrews: "Your move."

Mikey looks at Scythe.

Scythe looks back.

Mikey takes a breath.

Then charges.

Scythe swings.

Mikey ducks!

He attacks the damaged shoulder!

Samuel turns.

Mikey attacks the knee!

Scythe drops!

Mikey hits the ropes!

Samuel rises—

RUNNING FOREARM!

Scythe staggers.

Mikey rebounds again.

ANOTHER!

Samuel hits the ropes.

Mikey charges for a third—

SCYTHE EXPLODES FORWARD!

LARIAT!

Mikey is nearly turned inside out!

Both men go down.

The crowd rises.

Scythe lies on his back.

Mikey lies several feet away.

Ace Andrews stands outside.

Watching.

Calculating.

John Phillips: "This is exactly what we expected."

Mark Bravo: "Two completely different ways of fighting."

The camera finds Mikey.

He rolls onto his side.

Then Samuel.

Scythe begins sitting up.

Mark Bravo: "Mikey is trying to solve Samuel Scythe."

Scythe gets to one knee.

Mark Bravo: "Samuel Scythe is trying to make sure there isn't enough of Mikey Unlikely left to solve anything."

Scythe rises.

Across the ring...

Mikey does the same.

Slowly.

Painfully.

They look at each other.

And neither man is smiling anymore.

Samuel Scythe and Mikey Unlikely stand across from one another.

Neither smiling anymore.

Mikey rolls one shoulder.

Scythe flexes the arm Mikey sent into the ring post earlier.

Ace Andrews watches from ringside.

The crowd rises again.

Scythe moves first.

Mikey sidesteps.

Low kick to the thigh.

Scythe turns.

Mikey fires another.

Then another.

Samuel swings.

Mikey ducks underneath.

Hits the ropes.

Scythe turns—

Mikey jumps!

Flying forearm!

Scythe staggers.

Doesn't fall.

Mikey rebounds again.

Another flying forearm!

Samuel hits the ropes.

Mikey races in—

Scythe catches him!

SPINEBUSTER!

Mikey is driven violently into the mat!

Scythe covers!

ONE!

TWO!

Mikey kicks out!

John Phillips: "Every time Mikey starts building something, Scythe shuts the door."

Mark Bravo: "Because Mikey has to string together three, four, five things. Scythe sometimes needs one."

Samuel pulls Mikey upright.

EUROPEAN UPPERCUT!

Mikey's head snaps backward.

Another uppercut!

Mikey falls into the corner.

Scythe follows.

Shoulder into the abdomen.

Another.

Another.

The referee warns Scythe.

Samuel backs away only when he has to.

Ace watches approvingly.

Scythe charges—

Mikey slips through the ropes!

Samuel crashes shoulder-first into the ring post AGAIN!

Scythe recoils.

Mikey immediately jumps to the middle rope.

SPRINGBOARD CROSSBODY!

He catches Scythe!

Both men go down.

Mikey hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Scythe powers out.

Mikey gets up first.

He sees Samuel trying to rise.

Mikey runs.

KNEE TO THE SHOULDER!

Samuel drops back down.

Mikey grabs the damaged arm.

Twists it.

Pulls Scythe toward the ropes.

Then snaps the arm across the top rope!

Samuel recoils.

Mark Bravo: "Now that's veteran wrestling."

John Phillips: "He's not trying to outmuscle Scythe. He's trying to take pieces away."

Mikey jumps back inside.

Runs toward Samuel—

Scythe swings with the good arm!

Mikey ducks.

Kick to the knee.

Samuel drops.

Mikey runs the ropes.

RUNNING KNEE!

Scythe goes down!

Mikey covers!

ONE!

TWO!

TH—

SCYTHE KICKS OUT!

Mikey sits up.

Breathing harder now.

He looks toward Ace.

Ace gives him a slow clap.

Mikey points at him.

Mikey Unlikely: "Don't start."

Ace smiles.

Ace Andrews: "Wouldn't dream of it."

Mikey turns back.

Samuel is already standing.

Mikey's expression changes.

John Phillips: "That's gotta be discouraging."

Mark Bravo: "Mikey put together one of his best sequences of the match, and Scythe is already back up."

Mikey steps toward him.

Scythe steps forward.

Mikey fires a forearm.

Samuel answers.

Mikey staggers.

Another forearm from Scythe.

Mikey hits the ropes.

Samuel grabs him.

EXPLODER SUPLEX!

Mikey is thrown across the ring!

Scythe rises.

Immediately follows.

Mikey gets to his knees.

Samuel grabs him around the waist.

Pulls him up.

RUNNING POWERSLAM!

SCYTHE SLAM!

Mikey is planted!

Samuel covers!

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

MIKEY KICKS OUT!

The crowd erupts.

Samuel looks down at him.

Then at the referee.

Not arguing.

Just confirming.

Two.

Ace moves closer.

Ace Andrews: "Stay with him."

Samuel grabs Mikey.

Pulls him upright.

Front facelock.

He lifts him.

And holds him vertically.

John Phillips: "Oh, no."

Mikey hangs upside down.

One second.

Two.

Three.

Four.

Five.

Scythe starts walking.

Still holding him.

Mark Bravo: "This is Sowing the Fields."

Samuel takes another step.

Then throws Mikey forward!

SOWING THE FIELDS!

Mikey crashes face-first and chest-first into the canvas!

Scythe rolls him over.

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

MIKEY GETS A SHOULDER UP!

A bigger reaction this time.

Ace's expression tightens slightly.

Samuel's doesn't.

He simply pulls Mikey up again.

John Phillips: "This is the dangerous part. Scythe doesn't get frustrated."

Mark Bravo: "No. He gets violent."

Samuel whips Mikey into the ropes.

Mikey rebounds.

RUNNING SHOULDER BLOCK!

Mikey gets flattened.

Scythe doesn't cover.

He grabs Mikey by the head.

Pulls him up.

EUROPEAN UPPERCUT!

Mikey falls backward.

Scythe grabs him again.

Another uppercut!

Mikey stumbles toward the ropes.

Scythe follows.

Mikey suddenly drops down and pulls the top rope!

Samuel tumbles over!

Scythe lands on the floor.

Mikey stays down for a second.

Breathing.

Thinking.

Then he notices Ace.

Ace notices him.

Mikey looks toward Samuel on the floor.

Then toward Ace.

He smiles.

Ace's smile disappears.

Mikey hits the ropes.

Ace immediately backs away.

Mikey charges toward the ropes—

But stops.

He doesn't dive.

Ace looks confused.

Mikey turns around.

Scythe has already climbed back onto the apron.

Mikey runs toward him!

DROP KICK!

Samuel is knocked off the apron!

He crashes into Ace!

Both men go down!

The crowd erupts.

Mikey leans over the ropes.

Mikey Unlikely: "Oops."

John Phillips: "He knew exactly what he was doing!"

Mark Bravo: "Absolutely."

Ace rolls away, furious.

Samuel pushes himself upright.

He looks at Ace.

Then at Mikey.

Mikey waves.

Scythe's jaw tightens.

Mark Bravo: "And Mikey may have just made a mistake."

John Phillips: "He got Ace out of position."

Mark Bravo: "He also made Scythe angry."

Samuel slides into the ring.

Mikey immediately attacks.

Stomps.

Forearms.

Kick to the shoulder.

Samuel keeps rising.

Mikey hits him again.

And again.

Scythe grabs Mikey by the throat!

Mikey's eyes widen.

Samuel shoves him backward into the corner.

Scythe charges.

Mikey moves!

Samuel hits the turnbuckles.

Mikey jumps onto the second rope.

Turns.

DIVING ELBOW!

Scythe staggers.

Mikey grabs him.

DDT!

Samuel is planted!

Mikey covers!

ONE!

TWO!

SCYTHE KICKS OUT!

Mikey gets right back up.

He doesn't hesitate.

Samuel rises.

Mikey throws a kick.

Scythe catches it.

Mikey jumps—

ENZIGURI!

Samuel drops to one knee.

Mikey runs.

Scythe suddenly explodes upward!

SPEAR!

REAPER'S BLADE!

Mikey is cut in half!

The crowd gasps.

Scythe covers!

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

MIKEY GETS HIS FOOT ON THE ROPE!

The referee sees it!

The crowd explodes.

Ace immediately points toward the foot.

Scythe sees it.

He grabs Mikey by the ankle.

Drags him toward the center.

Samuel pulls Mikey upright.

John Phillips: "Scythe may be thinking Elysian Gift."

Mark Bravo: "And if he hits that Jackhammer, this could be over."

Scythe hooks Mikey.

He lifts—

Mikey blocks!

Samuel tries again.

Mikey hooks the leg.

Blocks again.

Scythe clubs him across the back.

Mikey drops to one knee.

Samuel grabs him again.

Lift—

Mikey slips behind!

Scythe turns.

Mikey kicks the knee!

Samuel drops.

Mikey grabs the damaged arm!
Pulls it across his own shoulder!
Arm breaker!
Scythe recoils.
Mikey hits the ropes.
RUNNING KNEE!
Samuel falls backward!
Mikey covers!
ONE!
TWO!
THR—
SCYTHE KICKS OUT!
Mikey rolls onto his back.
He looks up at the lights.
Then starts laughing.
Not because anything is funny.
Because he knows exactly what kind of fight he's in.
He sits up.
Samuel is doing the same.
John Phillips: "Mikey's smiling again."
Mark Bravo: "That's not entertainment anymore."
Mikey gets to one knee.
Scythe gets to one knee.
Mark Bravo: "That's a man realizing he's still got a chance."
Both men rise.
Mikey fires a forearm.
Scythe answers with an uppercut.
Mikey staggers.
Comes back.
Forearm.
Samuel answers.
Mikey again.
Scythe again.

The crowd begins reacting to every shot.

MIKEY!

SCYTHE!

MIKEY!

SCYTHE!

Mikey fires two in succession.

Samuel rocks backward.

Mikey hits the ropes.

Scythe swings.

Mikey ducks.

Opposite ropes.

Samuel turns.

Mikey jumps—

Scythe catches him!

Samuel has Mikey across his shoulders!

Mikey starts fighting.

Elbow!

Another!

Scythe staggers.

Mikey slips down behind him.

Roll-up!

ONE!

TWO!

SCYTHE KICKS OUT!

Both men rise.

Samuel charges.

Mikey sidesteps!

Scythe hits the corner.

Mikey rushes in.

Scythe catches him with an elbow.

Mikey staggers.

Samuel charges—

Mikey drops down!

Scythe goes through the ropes again!

But this time Samuel lands on the apron.

Mikey sees him.

Runs.

Scythe reaches through the ropes and grabs him!

TONGAN DEATH GRIP!

TOUCH OF DEATH!

The crowd reacts immediately.

Samuel has Mikey trapped through the ropes!

Mikey's eyes widen.

He grabs at Scythe's wrist.

Samuel squeezes.

The referee begins counting.

ONE!

TWO!

Mikey's knees start giving.

THREE!

The referee warns Scythe.

FOUR!

Samuel releases just before five.

Mikey collapses inside the ring.

Scythe steps back through the ropes.

Ace smiles from the floor.

John Phillips: "That could have changed everything."

Mark Bravo: "Mikey's oxygen just got taken away. And Scythe knows it."

Samuel stands over Mikey.

Mikey grabs at his throat.

Scythe pulls him upright.

Hooks him.

Ace points toward the center of the ring.

Ace Andrews: "Finish it."

Scythe lifts Mikey.

Mikey hangs in the air.

Samuel steadies him.

John Phillips: "ELYSIAN GIFT!"

Scythe begins to drive forward—

MIKEY TWISTS!

He slips out of the Jackhammer!

Both men turn.

Mikey fires a desperation superkick!

Scythe catches the foot!

Mikey jumps with the other!

ENZIGURI!

Scythe staggers!

Mikey gets up.

Hits the ropes.

FLYING FOREARM!

Samuel staggers again.

Mikey rebounds.

SECOND FLYING FOREARM!

Scythe hits the ropes.

Mikey runs a third time—

Scythe swings.

Mikey ducks.

He hits the opposite ropes.

Samuel turns.

MIKEY LEAPS—

SCYTHE CATCHES HIM AROUND THE WAIST!

Mikey's momentum stops completely.

Samuel powers him upward.

Mikey fights.

Scythe adjusts.

And THROWS Mikey across the ring with an Exploder Suplex!

Mikey lands hard.

Samuel drops to one knee.

Both men stay down.

The crowd rises again.

Ace Andrews stands at ringside.

For the first time tonight, he isn't smiling.

John Phillips: "How are either of these men still going?"

Mark Bravo: "Because one of them is going to the final four."

Mikey rolls onto his stomach.

Scythe pushes himself upright.

Both exhausted now.

Both hurt.

Both still moving.

Mark Bravo: "And now we're getting close."

John Phillips: "To what?"

Scythe looks across at Mikey.

Mikey looks back.

Mark Bravo: "The point where one mistake decides the whole tournament."

Samuel Scythe pushes himself upright.

Across the ring, Mikey Unlikely does the same.

Slowly.

Neither man has much left.

But neither is willing to stay down.

Ace Andrews stands outside the ring.

Watching.

Waiting.

Calculating.

Scythe moves first.

Mikey fires a forearm.

Samuel answers with a European uppercut.

Mikey staggers.

Another uppercut.

Mikey hits the ropes.

Scythe charges—

Mikey ducks!

Samuel turns.

Mikey jumps—

FLYING FOREARM!

Scythe rocks backward.

Mikey hits the ropes again.

SECOND FOREARM!

Samuel hits the ropes.

Mikey points toward him.

The crowd rises.

He runs again—

SCYTHE CUTS HIM OFF!

RUNNING SHOULDER BLOCK!

Mikey is flattened!

Samuel immediately grabs him.

Pulls him upright.

Hooks the waist.

EXPLODER SUPLEX!

Mikey crashes hard.

Scythe covers.

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

MIKEY KICKS OUT!

The crowd erupts.

Scythe sits beside him.

Breathing heavily.

Then looks toward Ace.

Ace points toward the center of the ring.

Ace Andrews: "Now."

Samuel rises.

Mikey barely moves.

John Phillips: "Ace thinks this is it."

Mark Bravo: "And I don't know that he's wrong."

Scythe grabs Mikey.

Pulls him upright.
Hooks him.
Begins lifting him.
John Phillips: "ELYSIAN GIFT!"
Mikey blocks.
Scythe tries again.
Mikey hooks the leg.
Blocks again.
Samuel clubs him across the back.
Mikey drops to one knee.
Scythe grabs him again.
Lifts—
Mikey twists free!
He lands behind Scythe!
Samuel turns—
Mikey kicks the damaged knee!
Scythe drops to one knee.
Mikey runs the ropes.
RUNNING KNEE!
Scythe drops!
Mikey collapses on top of him!
ONE!
TWO!
THR—
SCYTHE KICKS OUT!
Mikey rolls onto his back.
Eyes closed.
Ace slaps the apron.
Ace Andrews: "Get up!"
Samuel rolls onto his stomach.
Pushes himself up.
Mikey does the same.
They meet in the middle again.

Mikey throws a forearm.

Samuel answers.

Mikey again.

Scythe again.

Mikey stumbles.

Scythe grabs him.

Mikey elbows free.

Samuel swings.

Mikey ducks.

Kick to the knee.

Samuel catches the next kick.

Mikey jumps—

ENZIGURI!

Scythe staggers.

But doesn't fall.

Mikey runs.

Samuel turns—

REAPER'S BLADE!

THE SPEAR CONNECTS!

Mikey is nearly folded in half!

The arena gasps.

Scythe hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE—

NO!

MIKEY GETS THE SHOULDER UP!

The building explodes.

Samuel Scythe finally shows emotion.

Not shock.

Anger.

He looks toward the referee.

Two fingers.

Samuel stands.

Ace is shouting from the floor.

Ace Andrews: "Don't lose your head!"

Scythe looks down at Mikey.

Ace Andrews: "Finish him!"

Samuel grabs Mikey by the throat.

Pulls him upright.

Mikey can barely stand.

Scythe locks in the Tongan Death Grip.

TOUCH OF DEATH!

Mikey immediately starts fading.

His knees buckle.

Scythe squeezes harder.

The referee checks Mikey.

Mikey reaches for the ropes.

Too far.

John Phillips: "This may be it!"

Mark Bravo: "Mikey's got nowhere to go!"

Mikey drops to one knee.

Scythe keeps the grip.

Mikey reaches again.

Nothing.

The referee grabs Mikey's arm.

Raises it.

It drops once.

The crowd starts clapping.

Raises it again.

It drops twice.

Ace smiles.

The referee lifts Mikey's arm a third time.

It falls—

MIKEY STOPS IT!

The crowd erupts.

Mikey's fist clenches.

He begins rising.

Scythe tightens the grip.

Mikey drives a forearm into Samuel's arm.

Another.

Another.

He attacks the damaged shoulder.

Scythe finally releases.

Mikey gasps for air.

Samuel swings.

Mikey ducks.

He shoves Scythe toward the ropes.

Samuel rebounds.

Mikey tries a clothesline.

Scythe runs through it!

Samuel hits the opposite ropes.

Mikey turns.

Scythe charges for another Reaper's Blade—

MIKEY LEAPFROGS!

Samuel goes underneath!

Scythe hits the ropes.

He comes back—

Mikey sidesteps!

Samuel barely stops himself from colliding with the referee!

The referee recoils into the corner.

Scythe turns.

Mikey catches him with a forearm.

Scythe answers.

Mikey drops to a knee.

Ace Andrews climbs onto the apron.

John Phillips: "Now what is Ace doing?"

Mark Bravo: "Exactly what Mikey didn't want him doing."

Ace begins shouting at Scythe.

Samuel glances toward him.

Ace Andrews: "Stop chasing him!"

Ace Andrews: "Bring him here!"

Scythe grabs Mikey.

Pulls him toward Ace's side of the ring.

Mikey throws an elbow.

Scythe absorbs it.

Another.

Samuel drives a knee into Mikey's stomach.

Mikey doubles over.

Ace points.

Ace Andrews: "Again!"

Scythe hooks Mikey.

Tries to lift him for Elysian Gift—

Mikey slips behind!

Samuel turns.

Mikey shoves him—

SCYTHE CRASHES INTO ACE!

Ace flies from the apron!

The crowd explodes.

John Phillips: "ACE IS DOWN!"

Scythe stares through the ropes.

Ace is on the floor.

Samuel turns back—

MIKEY SCHOOLBOYS HIM!

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

SCYTHE KICKS OUT!

Both men scramble up.

Samuel swings.

Mikey ducks.

Scythe turns—

SUPERKICK!

Samuel staggers!

Doesn't fall.

Mikey looks at him in disbelief.

He hits the ropes.

RUNNING KNEE!

Scythe drops to one knee.

Mikey runs again.

SECOND RUNNING KNEE!

Samuel falls backward!

Mikey covers!

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

SCYTHE GETS THE SHOULDER UP!

Mikey rolls away.

He looks exhausted.

Scythe looks furious.

Outside the ring, Ace pulls himself upright using the barricade.

Mark Bravo: "Mikey has thrown everything he can think of at Samuel Scythe."

John Phillips: "And Scythe keeps coming."

Samuel rises.

Mikey does too.

Scythe charges.

Mikey sidesteps.

Samuel hits the ropes.

Mikey follows him.

Scythe turns—

Mikey catches the arm!

He tries to pull Scythe down.

Samuel resists.

Mikey twists.

Scythe powers him up.

Mikey drops behind.

Scythe turns—

MIKEY JUMPS ONTO HIS BACK!

Samuel reaches backward.

Mikey slides down.

Roll-up!

Scythe rolls through!

Both men rise.

Samuel swings—

Mikey ducks.

Kick to the knee!

Samuel drops.

Mikey grabs the head.

Drives Scythe face-first into the canvas!

Samuel rolls onto his back.

Mikey immediately climbs onto the second rope.

He looks down.

Ace screams from ringside.

Ace Andrews: "SAMUEL!"

Mikey jumps—

DIVING ELBOW!

CONNECTS!

Mikey hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

SCYTHE KICKS OUT!

Mikey sits upright.

He stares at Scythe.

Then at the referee.

Two.

Mikey nods.

Mikey Unlikely: "Of course."

He gets back up.

Scythe reaches one knee.

Mikey grabs him.

Samuel suddenly explodes upward!

Scythe has Mikey!

He lifts!

ELYSIAN GIFT—

MIKEY SHIFTS HIS WEIGHT!

He slides down behind!

Scythe turns—

Mikey grabs him!

INSIDE CRADLE!

ONE!

TWO!

Scythe tries to shift!

Mikey adjusts his weight!

THREE!

The bell rings!

For half a second...

Nobody reacts.

Then State Farm Arena ERUPTS.

Mikey immediately rolls out of Scythe's reach.

Samuel sits upright.

His eyes widen.

He looks toward the referee.

The referee signals three.

Ring Announcer: "HERE IS YOUR WINNER..."

Mikey sits against the bottom turnbuckle.

Breathing heavily.

Almost laughing from exhaustion.

Ring Announcer: "...AND ADVANCING TO THE SEMIFINALS OF THE RING KING TOURNAMENT..."

Ring Announcer: "MIKEYYYYYYYYYY..."

Ring Announcer: "UNLIKELYYYYYYYYYY!"

The crowd roars.

Mikey's music hits.

The referee raises his arm.

Mikey can barely keep it up.

John Phillips: "MIKEY UNLIKELY SURVIVES!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the word."

John Phillips: "Survives?"

Mark Bravo: "Absolutely. He did not overpower Samuel Scythe. He did not break Samuel Scythe. He survived long enough to find three seconds."

The tournament bracket fills the screen.

Another semifinal position illuminates.

SOL AZTECA

MIKEY UNLIKELY

Two of the final four are now set.

Mikey rolls beneath the bottom rope.

He retrieves the WrestleZone Championship.

Holds it against his chest for a moment.

Then raises it overhead.

The crowd cheers.

Inside the ring...

Samuel Scythe remains seated.

Motionless.

Ace Andrews slides underneath the bottom rope.

He kneels beside his client.

Scythe looks at him.

Ace says something quietly.

Samuel doesn't answer.

He looks through the ropes.

At Mikey.

Mikey sees him.

The two men stare at one another.

Mikey raises the WrestleZone Championship.

Then taps the side of his head.

Samuel's jaw tightens.

John Phillips: "Mikey knows exactly what happened."

Mark Bravo: "He beat Scythe with experience."

John Phillips: "And maybe by the narrowest margin possible."

Mark Bravo: "Margins don't matter in a tournament. Three seconds is three seconds."

Mikey begins walking backward up the ramp.

Still looking toward the ring.

Inside, Ace gets to his feet.

He offers Samuel a hand.

Scythe ignores it.

Samuel rises on his own.

He walks to the ropes.

Stares after Mikey.

The anger hasn't gone anywhere.

If anything...

It's worse.

John Phillips: "Samuel Scythe is out of Ring King."

Mark Bravo: "And whoever has to deal with him next is going to wish he wasn't."

At the top of the ramp, Mikey stops.

Turns toward the Ring King crown above the stage.

Looks at it.

Then raises the WrestleZone Championship.

John Phillips: "Sol Azteca advanced earlier tonight."

The bracket appears beside Mikey.

Mark Bravo: "And now Mikey Unlikely joins her."

Mikey points toward the crown.

John Phillips: "Two spots filled."

The camera cuts back to Scythe.

Then to Mikey.

Then finally to the tournament bracket.

Mark Bravo: "The field keeps getting smaller."

John Phillips: "And Mikey Unlikely is still standing."

Mikey disappears through the curtain as the crowd continues cheering.

MIKEY UNLIKELY — SEMIFINALIST

Fade to black.

Conclusion

[VIEW THE TOURNAMENT BRACKET HERE: Ring King 2026 — United Toughness Alliance](#)

Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite